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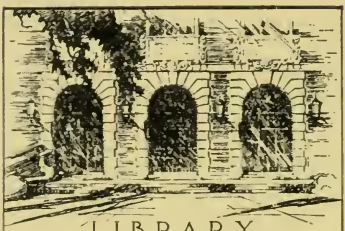

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AN

ANGEL's FORM AND A DEVIL's HEART.

A NOVEL.

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AN

ANGEL'S FORM

AND A

Devil's Heart.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

SELINA DAVENPORT,

AUTHOR OF THE HYPOCRITE, OR MODERN JANUS, DONALD MONTEITH, ORIGINAL OF THE MINIATURE, LEAP YEAR, &c.

"————————Yet mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her."

VOL. I.

London:

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AN

Angel's Form & a Devil's Heart.

CHAPTER I.

IT was at the close of the last month of the year, and the weather was freezingly cold, when the Monmouth stage drove cautiously into the inn yard. The snow lay thick on the ground, and the frequent tread of feet had made the path very slippery and dangerous. A tall well-made young man, belonging to a Highland regiment, tendered his services to assist the passengers in alighting from the top of the stage, while the coachman was engaged in supporting to the inn an elderly

lady, whose years and infirmities made her the object of his care. A short thin man, whose threadbare coat and grey worsted stockings proclaimed him to be one among the numerous sons of adversity, now alighted hastily from the vehicle, and presented his hand to a young woman, whose plump round form and laughing face but ill accorded with the sable dress she wore.

"Are your friends to meet you here?" inquired the thin old man with the threadbare coat: "London is a sad place for an unprotected female, and the weather is terribly severe."

"I have no friends in London," replied the young woman, involuntarily sighing.

By this time she had alighted from the stage, and turning towards the coachman, who was now come up to them, she gave orders that her trunks should be conveyed to the inn, whither, with the assistance of the old man, she was proceeding as fast as the slipperiness of the way would permit.

The

The soldier had caught a glimpse of her features—" No friend!" thought he—" yes, but thou hast a friend, and a true one, Alice, if thy heart still beats for Mackenzie."

The old man and his fair companion now entered the inn, the soldier followed, and gently touching the young woman's shoulder, pronounced her name in a hurried voice. She gave a start of pleasure and surprise.—" Edward!" said she, giving him her hand, " who would have thought of seeing you?—How glad, how happy I am to have met you!"

" Dear Alice, what could bring you to London, and alone?—But you are cold, and want something to warm you." He then drew her towards the bar, and was about to speak, when Alice requested of the landlady to be shewn into a private room.

The little old man was close behind her. —" You have unexpectedly met with a *friend* in this young man," said he, looking

in her face with an expression of compassionate interest. "You will not leave the inn to-night?—May I see you in a couple of hours?"

"Surely, sir," replied Alice gaily; "I should be sorry not to have an opportunity of again thanking a gentleman who has behaved so kindly to me during my journey."

Alice and Mackenzie were now shewn to a small apartment, where a blazing fire promised to afford comfort and warmth to the young traveller, who ordered some strong coffee to be brought immediately; then going towards a neat tent-bed which stood in a corner of the room, she drew from beneath her cloak a bundle, which she placed carefully between the blankets, and then returned to the fireside.

"Alice, dear Alice!" said the soldier, pressing her cold hand in his, "how little did I think, as I saw the Monmouth stage come into the yard, that it would bring you to town!—Twelve months ago, when I and

I and the colonel left Monmouthshire, I thought it would be many and many a long year before we should meet again; and that thought would come across my mind in my gayest moments, turning all my pleasures into pains. But now that we have met again, Alice——"

The coffee and toast were now brought in, and Alice, who appeared labouring under some internal agitation, gladly partook of the reviving beverage, which Mackenzie kindly presented to her. Her spirits seemed to return, and she cast her eyes towards his.

"Many things have happened since we last met," said she; "and perhaps, Edward, when you know all, you will no longer be my friend. You remember, when we parted, it was with little hope of ever seeing each other again."

"True, Alice; I remember it well. *You* were the friend and companion of a beautiful young heiress—*I* was then only a common soldier. I loved you too dearly,

Alice, to seduce you from the patronage of your lady, or to ask you to become the wife of a private soldier. I am now a corporal, and have the promise of being made a serjeant: if you have left your lady, Alice, you may perhaps consent to share my fortunes."

Mackenzie kissed the hand of Alice, who cast a glance towards the bed, and then on her lover.—"You must first hear," said she, "what brought me to London. You were well acquainted with the regard which my young lady had for me, and that which I felt in return for her. This regard made me yield to her in every thing, and I should as soon have thought of disobeying my own mother, as of denying a request of hers. After you left Monmouthshire, a person paid his addresses to me, whose connexions were far above mine; and my young lady, who dreaded nothing so much as the idea of my marrying a soldier, advised me to become his wife, and to remain with her as long as he

continued in Monmouthshire. Her persuasions and my affection for herself at length determined my actions. I never expected to see you again, and I had not courage to refuse the request of one who seemed to have my interest so tenderly at heart. I was married secretly; for lady Fitz-Arthur was then living, and, though quite infirm and confined to her chamber, yet she could not bear to see any body more happy and comfortable than herself."

"Married, Alice!" exclaimed Mackenzie, in a tone of disappointed affection. "But you were right to secure to yourself a home, and a friend better able to support you than myself." He covered his face as he leaned his arm on the table.

Alice continued—"I remained with my young lady—I could not leave her wholly exposed to the ill-humour of her aunt, who grew more and more tiresome every day. My husband died a few months after our marriage, and my little boy was born three days after the decease of my old lady."

Mackenzie dropped his hand from his face, and taking that of Alice, kissed it affectionately.—"You are still free, then, dearest Alice—still able to become my wife!" said he, throwing his arms around her. "All that I have is yours: say, will you take me for better for worse?"

Alice was not slow in giving her consent, and the grateful soldier imprinted on her lips the kiss of honourable and sincere regard.

"Where is your child, Alice?" said Mackenzie; "why is he not with his mother?"

Alice rose and moved towards the bed, then as quickly returned, bringing in her arms the slumbering infant. Mackenzie bent over her, scarcely daring to breathe, as she softly uncovered the little innocent. It was a scene worthy the talent of a painter. Alice was not yet twenty; the glow of uninterrupted health bloomed on her cheek, and gave animation to her eyes, which now beamed with tender solicitude,

as

as they gazed on the lovely boy who lay on her lap. Mackenzie, with one arm round the waist of Alice, leaned over the sleeping child, his heart throbbing with every generous feeling towards them both, while his eyes vainly endeavoured to trace out a likeness to the mother in the countenance of the boy.

"He may grow up to be like you," said Mackenzie; "at present, I see no resemblance; but he is nevertheless dear to me, as being your son."

"No, he will never be like *me*," replied Alice thoughtfully; "he is already the image of his father."

"Then he was handsome?"

"Yes, very handsome."

At that instant the baby awoke, and as if conscious of the tenderness he had excited, smiled good-naturedly on the kind-hearted soldier, who, taking him from the lap of Alice, gently kissed his velvet cheek, as he called Heaven to bear witness that he would be a father to him in the strict-

est sense of the word; then, seeing Alice busily employed in preparing his food, he inquired if she was obliged to bring him up by hand?

Alice coloured and looked confused, as she replied in the affirmative; but her lover was too pleasingly engaged to notice her change of countenance; already did he feel a father's interest for the son of Alice, which was increased by the sweet temper of the infant, and it was with reluctance that he returned him to her arms, that he might receive from her hand his accustomed nourishment.

"But, my dear Alice," said Mackenzie, as soon as the infant was once more asleep, "you have not told me what brought you to London."

"No," replied she; "but I will. You may remember that I told you that my husband's relations were much my superiors, and that I had married secretly. As soon as my old lady was dead, and her niece declared the sole heiress of all her vast

vast fortune, I thought that I would come to London, and try to find out some of my husband's relations; and as my young lady will be married as soon as her mourning is over, I got her leave to take the journey. But, now that I have found a friend in you, I shall not expose myself to any of their taunts, especially as I want nothing from them; thanks to the bounty of my lady, I shall always have enough to make us all comfortable, without their assistance."

"I am glad, my dear Alice, for your sake, that you and your lady parted friends," said Mackenzie, "and with my good will you shall never go near any of your husband's relations. With the blessing of God we shall do very well; and as for this dear child, he shall share what I have, and be as much to me as any of my own."

"Poor baby!" cried Alice, pressing him to her bosom with a look and manner which her lover could not well translate—

" poor baby! what a fate is thine!—A stranger must be thy father, and thy mother——"

" Shall be my wife to-morrow," exclaimed the soldier warmly. " This evening I will go to my colonel, and get his sanction to our marriage. Stay here to-night, Alice, and to-morrow I will take you to the house of my sister-in-law, a very good and kind woman, who will do every thing to make you comfortable."

They were now interrupted by the entrance of the little thin old man, who, without any ceremony, drew a chair towards the fire, and in a voice of conciliating gentleness inquired of Alice how she found herself after the fatigues of her journey? This good-natured old man had only travelled part of the way with Alice, but he had evidently taken an interest in her welfare, from seeing her young and unprotected, a widow and a mother, and he had therefore been particularly attentive to her during her journey. He cast

many

many a scrutinizing look at Mackenzie, but every fresh glance seemed to impress him with a favourable opinion of the honour and moral rectitude of the soldier.

Alice thanked him for the solicitude which he expressed for her safety, and, with the candour which ever accompanies innocence, soon made him acquainted with the generous proposals of Mackenzie, which at once dispelled the fears of the stranger. His countenance immediately became illumined by a smile of genuine benevolence, and taking a hand of each, he pressed them in his own.

"Since such are your intentions," said he, "let me have the happiness of uniting you. Business of consequence will detain me in town for a fortnight: fix your day, I will make it convenient to attend you; the earlier the better, as an inn is not a proper place for a young and pretty woman to reside in alone."

"To-morrow, sir," replied Mackenzie, bowing with a grace which would have become

become one of nobler origin, " we will joyfully accept of your kind offer. Alice will be safe for this night, and to-morrow I shall have a right to protect her myself."

" You appear to be a worthy young man," said the strange gentleman, " and I rejoice that this poor widow and her orphan boy have found so good and generous a protector. I also shall stay here to-night; we will sup together, and to-morrow morning, as soon as the license is procured, I will unite you to each other."

Mackenzie made a suitable reply, and then took leave of Alice, that he might call on his colonel, promising, however, to return and sup with her. On passing by the bar, he stopped to speak to the mistress of it, with whom he was well acquainted, to whose care he recommended Alice and her son, and then hastened to the square in which his colonel and patron resided. Fortunately for Mackenzie, his officer was at home, and disengaged. His attachment to Alice had long been known

to

to him, and his consent was immediately obtained, together with a handsome present to procure the wedding-dinner. He next called on his sister-in-law, with whom he resided, and imparted to her the change in his situation. The good woman, overjoyed at the prospect of his happiness, promised to get every thing ready to receive his bride, and assured him that nothing should be wanting on her part to render her happy and comfortable. Mackenzie, satisfied with the sincerity of this assurance, returned to the inn, and to his Alice, with whom he still found the little thin old man, who had ordered supper to be brought up to Alice's chamber, that she might not be prevented from paying proper attention to her little boy.

Mackenzie quickly imparted to them the success of his mission, and it was settled that he and the stranger should breakfast with Alice the next morning, and that the soldier should then conduct her to the house of his sister-in-law, where they

they would be joined by the stranger, who was to unite them in the presence of a few friends, whom Mackenzie wished to be a witness to his happiness.

"I will bring the license in my pocket," said the little old man, smiling encouragingly on Alice, whose crimson cheek and downcast look betrayed a native modesty of mind, which heightened the interest the stranger felt in her concerns. "Many are the couples whom I have joined together, but I shall never have performed that ceremony with so much satisfaction to myself as I shall feel to-morrow."

"I hope you will not think me impertinent, sir," inquired Alice, who had all the while supposed him to be a poor Welch parson, "but may I ask if you live in Wales?"

"No, child," said he, smiling, as he instantly comprehended her meaning; "not exactly in Wales, though in one of the counties joining to it."

"In

"In Monmouthshire?" again inquired Alice anxiously.

"I live chiefly in Herefordshire," replied the little old man; "and when I visit London, unaccompanied by my family, I generally prefer the stage-coach to any other mode of travelling. By this means I have an opportunity of seeing a variety of characters which would otherwise never come under my observation, and not unfrequently of rendering a service to some of my fellow-creatures. The moment I saw you and your helpless infant, I felt desirous of being useful to you; I pitied your unprotected situation, and wished to befriend you. Fortunately my good offices are not wanting—you have found a more suitable protector for yourself and child; but I shall always be pleased to hear of your welfare, and ready to afford you every assistance in my power, should circumstances ever deprive you of the presence of your natural guardian."

Both Alice and Mackenzie gratefully expressed

expressed their thanks for his proffered kindness, though, when they cast a glance at his threadbare coat and grey worsted stockings, they could not help thinking that the assistance he could afford them must be very limited indeed. The kindness of his deportment and the gentlemanliness of his manners made, however, his conversation and his presence delightful to them.

After partaking of a light but elegant supper, which the old gentleman paid for, he withdrew with Mackenzie, that Alice might retire early to repose after the fatigues of the day. But the mind of Alice was too full of what had passed during the interval of a few hours, to compose itself quickly to rest: she pressed the unconscious baby to her bosom, and as it slumbered within her arms, her thoughts recurred to its father, to its natural connexions, to its rightful home, and to what would now become its destiny, reared as it would be amidst scenes, and amidst beings

ings so far beneath the family of its father. —" But I will do my best for thee, poor babe!" said Alice, pressing him still closer to her heart; " and though circumstances have cut thee off from what ought to be thy right, thou mayst be far, far happier in thy lot than thy father. I will do my best for thee, poor babe!"

Alice now recommended herself and her infant to the protection of Providence, who had raised her up a friend in the generous Mackenzie, on her first entrance into the busy scenes of the world; and after imploring a continuance of his goodness, she sank tranquilly to sleep, conscious that she had undertaken the journey from the best and purest intentions; and if those intentions were not fulfilled, it was because she hoped, believed, and trusted, that she should be enabled better to fulfil her duty to the infant, and to promote more effectually his happiness, than if she had pursued the plan which she at first intended.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

ALICE had no cause to complain of the reception which she met with from the relations of Mackenzie. His sister-in-law, who was left a widow with four young children, supported her family by the produce of a fruiterer's shop, in a respectable part of Westminster; her husband had been serjeant in the same regiment in which Mackenzie was corporal, and as she was a woman of decent manners and regular habits, with a disposition hospitable and kind, he thought he could not do better than to entrust to her care his youthful bride and her infant son.

The widow Mackenzie had often listened attentively to the account given by her brother-in-law of his first interview with Alice, of their mutual attachment, and of his

his fears lest she should never become his; she not only listened to the regrets of Edward, but she entered warmly into his feelings, and half-blamed him for not persuading Alice to do as she had done, and become the wife of a soldier. The happiness which Mackenzie testified on meeting so unexpectedly with his beloved, was quickly infused into the bosom of his affectionate sister-in-law, who, though she condemned Alice for bestowing her hand on another man while her heart belonged to Mackenzie, nevertheless welcomed her to her house with a kindness of soul which was at once flattering to the vanity and to the hopes of Alice.

The helpless baby was peculiarly the object of the good widow's care. It was only five weeks old, and, though brought up by the hand, was a strong, healthy, and beautiful boy. Fain would this kind creature, who was on the point of weaning her own child, a little girl of eighteen months

months old, have suckled the son of Alice, but the young mother declined this humane proposal, unwilling that the boy should be indebted to a stranger for its nourishment, or that his heart should be divided between them. The refusal of Alice did not, however, prevent the widow from manifesting towards him a fondness which increased with his growth, and it seemed difficult to decide which loved him best, the widow or his mother.

The little thin old man, true to his word, procured the license which united Alice to Mackenzie. After the ceremony was concluded, the new-married couple petitioned him to stay and partake of the wedding-dinner; but this he smilingly declined, saying that his presence might be a check upon their festivity—"I will, however, see you," said he, "in the course of a day or two, when I hope to have some pleasing intelligence to communicate to you." Then, shaking Mackenzie by the hand,

hand, he left them to give way to their own joyful feelings, unrestrained by the observations of a stranger.

Who could he be? what were his family and his connections? were the natural inquiries of Alice and her husband. His appearance was not such as to justify them in supposing that he was a man of fortune, yet he spoke of befriending them, and of exerting his interest in their favour, while the plainness of his apparel seemed to indicate that he was himself in want of that interest which he promised so freely to others. Notwithstanding this apparent contradiction, each felt a desire to know more of him, and when next he called upon Alice, she ventured to inquire the name of the person to whose good offices she was so much indebted.

The stranger smiled on her good-naturedly, as he took from her arms the baby boy, and kissing its forehead, inquired how long Mackenzie would be absent?

absent? Alice replied, that she expected his return in a few minutes, and begged that he would be seated.

"I must see him," said he, "as I wish to speak to him.—So you are not exempt, Mrs. Mackenzie, from the hereditary curiosity of your sex? You wish to know who I am, and whether I am rich or poor, and, in short, all about me—Is it not so?"

Alice coloured, and looked confused.

"Well, your curiosity shall be gratified, but not just now: before I leave London, you shall know the name of the strange old man who has taken such a fancy to yourself and to this little infant. I think you said that he was not christened?"

Alice replied in the affirmative, adding, that she intended to have him named as soon as possible.

"You will call him, I suppose, after his father?"

"No, sir," said Alice; "I mean to give him the name of my husband, who has adopted

adopted him for his own, and to whom he will be indebted for every thing, until he can provide for himself."

"And yet it is but just that the boy should inherit the name of his own father," replied the stranger: "in case of any property being left to him at a future time, it would be difficult to make out his claim to it, if he is brought up as the son of Mackenzie."

Alice sighed—"It can never be of use to him to bear the name of his own father," said she mournfully; "on the contrary, it might subject him to many insults, many reproaches, if ever he came in the way of any of his relations. As the son of Mackenzie, he will grow up in ignorance of his father's family, and all his love and obedience will belong to him who has so generously come forward to befriend us both."

The eyes of the little old man were, during this speech, fixed inquiringly on the varying face of Alice, who, conscious

that she was the object of his scrutiny, kept hers bent on the ground. After a pause, he exclaimed—"Perhaps, Mrs. Mackenzie, you are right." Then, taking her hand, he added, in a voice of compassionate kindness—"*You* are the best judge what claim this infant has to the notice of his father's connexions. If you feel that his claim is not sufficiently strong to empower you to ask for their countenance and protection, it may be better for him to remain in ignorance that he owes his being to any other than to the brave Mackenzie: perhaps, as such, he may grow up to be a blessing to you both—he may find friends who will interest themselves in his welfare; I, for one, am disposed to bear in memory the kindly feelings which I felt on the first sight of him and his widowed mother. I am myself a father, and, though many years have elapsed since the birth of my youngest son, yet well do I remember the tenderness of my emotions as I gazed on his baby features, when he was no older than

than this child. They were, like his, handsome and well defined; sense and intelligence seemed to beam in his bright glancing eyes, and my heart bounded with all a parent's pride, a parent's joy, as I said to myself—'This boy will be the hope, the staff of my declining years.' It might be the recollection of my son, who is now far, far distant from his family, that operated so powerfully in favour of your little boy: he was just such another fine promising infant, and, like him, equally good-tempered. May the future prospects of this little innocent be as prosperous and as brilliant as those of my own dear boy!"

Alice felt strangely affected by the kind and conciliating manners of the thin old man; her heart expanded towards him, and more than once she was on the point of confiding to him as much as she dared of the secret which oppressed her mind, but she was withheld by an unaccountable something, which seemed to check and to restrain her wished-for communication. It

was not the fear of reproach, or the dread of censure, which stayed her tongue; for in the features of her unknown visitor no harsh line, no transient frown appeared, to justify the tremblings of her frame.

The entrance of Mackenzie relieved the embarrassment of his wife, and the little thin old man, holding out his hand, congratulated the generous soldier upon his being made serjeant.—"I have a friend," said he, "in the army, through whose means I have been enabled to procure you your wish rather sooner than you had expected. But I will not deceive you, Mackenzie: I first inquired your character and your merits; the result was my determination to serve you; and so high do you now stand in the estimation of all your superiors, that should you be able, at a future period, to gain a commission, they will not be ashamed to rank you among the number of their brother officers. No thanks—I have only accelerated the wishes of your colonel, and gratified myself;

myself; and now, as my time will be much occupied while I remain in London, fix a day, Mackenzie, for the christening of your adopted son, for it will add to my pleasure to perform that ceremony."

A day most convenient to the stranger was now appointed for bestowing a name on the son of Alice. The old gentleman offered to become his godfather, which offer was most gladly accepted by Mackenzie, who proposed to stand for the second, while his sister-in-law joyfully agreed to be godmother to her little favourite, who she could not help thinking was rather hardly treated, by not being allowed to bear the name of his own father.

Mackenzie, who already loved the boy with all a parent's fondness, was not a little gratified by the avowed intention of Alice to call the child after himself; yet, as she had said that his father was her superior in rank, and that his family would not on that account countenance their union, it appeared rather unjust to deprive the boy

of his birthright, and to take from him all power of claiming, if there was any, a future share in the property of his father. He gently explained to his wife his ideas on this point; but Alice overruled the scruples of Mackenzie, by telling him that there existed no witness of her marriage with the father of the child, and that she could not bring forward any proof to substantiate his claim to the favour and affection of his relations.

Mackenzie forbore to press the subject, or to question Alice upon a circumstance which evidently gave rise to unpleasant reflections; but his own suppressed feelings rendered the child only more dear to him, and he resolved to do a father's part by him, and to bring him up as his own son. Such were the generous intentions of Mackenzie; but how often are our best intentions frustrated by chance, or by a strange coincidence of circumstances, which renders all our plans for the future vain and abortive!

At

At length the morning arrived, fixed on by the little thin old man for christening the son of Alice; it was also the day before that mentioned by him for his departure from London, and she hoped that he would now satisfy her curiosity, by informing her who he was. The stranger came, and the infant received the name of Edward Mackenzie. Alice, during the ceremony, was unusually thoughtful; a tear stood in her eye, which was observed by her husband; but he attributed it to a headache, of which she had complained during breakfast, or it might perhaps be occasioned by the remembrance of him who gave being to the infant.

When the little old man found himself alone with those for whom he felt so lively an interest, he again renewed his promises of service, should they ever stand in need of them.—"To-morrow," said he, "I return to the country, and it may be some years before I revisit London; but that will not prevent my inquiring after your

welfare. Remember, my worthy fellow, that you have undertaken to be a father to this innocent child, and, jointly with myself, to see him educated in the principles of the christian religion. If ever you should feel inclined to part with him, either from your increasing family or from any other circumstance connected with your profession, send him to me, and I will not fail to acknowledge the claim of my young godson. Yet stay," said he smilingly; "is there any mark by which I can distinguish him, at a future time, to be the boy I have just christened?"

"Did I not see something, my love, on the boy's arm this morning, while you were dressing him?" inquired Mackenzie.

"Yes," said Alice, colouring deeply. "When I was coming to London, a friend of mine foolishly persisted in marking the child's arm, lest he should be taken from me, and I become unable to distinguish him from the son of any other person."

With considerable embarrassment she now

now slipped down the baby's frock, and the old gentleman beheld the mark which had attracted the observation of Mackenzie.

"It is a singular mark," said the stranger, as he gravely examined the boy's arm; "but it is sufficiently plain for me to ascertain that he is Edward Mackenzie. Your friend, I suppose, chose this device, as being less likely to be selected by another for a similar purpose?"

"I suppose she did," replied Mrs. Mackenzie confusedly.

"It is a good delineation of a coronet," exclaimed her husband. "But how cruel to torture the poor infant by putting it to such unnecessary pain!"

"Cruel indeed," said the old gentleman, looking steadily at Alice. "The motive, however, must excuse the deed. Should this infant live to become a man, this mark, unless it is explained to him, may give rise to many vague conjectures, which may also affect his future tranquillity. Perhaps," added he, forcing a smile, "he

may be born to wear a coronet by his own winning; he may either ennoble himself through marriage, or by his own deeds of valour in the field. At all events, my worthy friends, let us hail the omen as a good one; many great men have sprung from humble ancestors, and this baby-head may contain the germ of splendid talents, which will create his own good fortune."

"I hope that he will be a good and a brave man," replied the soldier earnestly; "but as to his becoming a great one, I care very little about that—happiness does not always attend on riches and honours. I trust that he will become a soldier like myself; not that I shall ever seek to check the boy's secret inclinations, or force him to choose a mode of life disagreeable to his own wishes."

"You will do right, Mackenzie: but there is time enough to speculate upon what may be the choice of this infant," said the stranger. "He is now become a Christian; Providence will not desert him —his

—his destiny is in the hands of Heaven. Bring him up to be just and honourable in all his dealings with mankind—lenient to the faults of others, severe only to his own—pious, without being a bigot—temperate, modest, and humble; and, above all, teach him to do to others as he would wish they should do unto him; and then I shall have no fear for his success in life, or for his own worldly happiness. And if you think that any assistance of mine is requisite to aid your laudable endeavours, here is my address: apply to me whenever you think fit; I shall not be backward in performing my promise of befriending my little godson."

The stranger now put a card into the hand of Mackenzie, and then took a friendly leave of his wife, kissing at the same time the soft cheek of her baby with a gentle touch, lest he should awaken it from its slumber.

The little thin old man had no sooner quitted the apartment, than Alice made a

movement to take the card from her husband.—" Stay, my dear Alice," said the soldier, " my curiosity is nearly as great as your own. Let me see—' The hon. Maurice Colvill, dean of H——' Well, I should not have supposed that a man of his condition would like to dress so shabbily, or to travel in a stage-coach, when he has one of his own. However, we may rejoice that our little Edward has gained so noble a friend.—You are pale, Alice—you are more unwell than you were at breakfast-time!—Let me put the boy on the bed, and then I will run and fetch Dr. Taylor."

Alice was indeed as pale as death—her whole frame seemed to suffer from internal vexation, which she strove to conceal from her husband. She assured him that she should soon be better without the assistance of Dr. Taylor, and perfectly able to entertain the friends whom they had invited to celebrate the christening of Edward.

Mackenzie's

Mackenzie's fears were soon dispelled, as he again beheld the glow of health return to the cheek of his wife. It never for a moment occurred to him, that her agitation had been produced by the perusal of the card given to him by the little thin old man, or that he was in any way connected with the sudden indisposition of Mrs. Mackenzie. The presence of his friends quickly recalled her vivacity, and the evening was spent in that good-humoured merriment which the occasion naturally called forth.

CHAPTER III.

The affection which Mackenzie had thus early manifested for the infant son of Alice, did not diminish on his becoming himself a father. Dearly as he loved his own little girl, yet Edward seemed to have a prior claim

claim on his paternal care; and it was with considerable grief and vexation of mind that he beheld in the conduct of Alice the influence of feelings dissimilar to his own. In proportion as her heart expanded towards the daughter of Mackenzie, it appeared careless and indifferent to the fate of his adopted son, and the birth of another child was fatal to the welfare of Edward: she complained to Mackenzie of the decided partiality which he evinced for the boy, in preference to his own children; and this soon became a continual source of disquietude between her and her husband.

Mackenzie, who was sincerely attached to Alice, endeavoured to remonstrate with her on her increasing jealousy of an object who ought to be even more dear to her than to himself; but the good sense and sound reasoning of Mackenzie were exerted in vain—Alice would not be convinced, and the generous soldier was obliged to content himself with the secret demonstrations

demonstrations of his regard for the neglected Edward, who was now past his third year, and who already began to give proofs of an understanding which only required care and attention to bring it to perfection.

The sweetness of Edward's disposition was visible in a hundred trifling actions, but it was too frequently put to severe trials by the ill-humour and petulance of the little Alice. Compelled to yield to her in every thing, and to resign to her all his sources of infantine amusement, Edward quickly discovered that the only way to gain the kindness of Mrs. Mackenzie was to put up with all the fretful caprices of her eldest little girl, a puny sickly child, whose natural infirmities of temper were rendered more intolerable by the extreme indulgence of her doting mother.

The continual disappointment of all his childish hopes, joined to the increasing dislike of Alice, began to affect the spirits as

as well as the health of Edward; he became sullen and dejected, except in the presence of Mackenzie, to whom he was fondly attached, and for whom he manifested the strongest affection. Placed on his knee, or playing with the glittering appendages to his uniform, the countenance of Edward dimpled with smiles, his dark-blue eyes sparkled with childish rapture, and his laugh gladdened the soul of Mackenzie.

At length the regiment to which Mackenzie belonged was ordered back to Scotland, and it was rumoured that in all probability it would soon be sent on foreign service. Alice determined to accompany her husband to his native land, and as they would have to pass close by the village in which her mother resided, she proposed to go before him, in order that she might spend a day with her aged parent, whom she had not seen for four years. To this Mackenzie readily assented, only regretting

gretting that he should be unable, from his professional duties, to pay a visit to the mother of his wife.

The day before the regiment quitted London, Alice appeared unusually thoughtful; her eyes filled with tears as often as they rested on Edward, and all her former tenderness towards him seemed to revive.—"I have been thinking, Mackenzie," said she in a faltering voice, "what will become of these poor infants, should you be ordered abroad."

"What will become of them indeed!" cried Mackenzie, and his moist eyes instinctively glanced on Edward, who was rocking his youngest child to sleep.

"I shall follow you," continued Alice, and her hand fell on his shoulder—"I cannot, will not stay behind. Who then will take care of our children?"

"If I am compelled for a time to abandon them," replied Mackenzie mournfully, "their mother must not desert them: no, dearest Alice, much as I love you, I will not

not take you from your children—I will not rob them of your care and protection; you must remain—their tender years require your presence, and I must endeavour to bear our separation with firmness, for their sakes."

"I love my children," said Alice, "as fondly as any mother can do, but I will never consent to be divided from their father. In case of the evil which I dread, my mother will take care of the children during our absence; and, with her, I shall only have one fear, namely, that she will spoil them by over-indulgence."

"That *might* be productive of bad consequences to some dispositions," replied the soldier, "but I should prefer it to too much severity: the former, like a hotbed, would nourish the growth of weeds around the cherished plant, while the latter would exterminate both plant and weeds together. From the character which you have so often given me of your mother, I should not be afraid, Alice, to trust her with our children,

children, in preference to any of my own relations. My father, who sprung from a good family, disobliged all his connexions by marrying my mother: this circumstance contributed to sour his disposition, and we all felt the occasional effects of his severity; I should not, therefore, choose to place our children under his roof. My sisters are both respectably situated in Edinburgh, but I know little of their husbands, and less of the management of their families: they are kind-hearted and affectionate, but their homes might not be such as would make our poor babies happy. My father gave us all a good education, and with this we were to make our way through life: I have never been indebted to a single relation for a guinea, and I hope that my children will be equally independent. If I am sent abroad, Alice, your kind and indulgent mother must have our little ones, and we will reward her to the best of our abilities for her trouble."

"Would

"Would it not be better to leave one of them with her before we go to Scotland?" inquired Alice, with the embarrassed air of a person conscious that her intentions are not altogether what they should be.

"I see no occasion for that, my dear Alice; it will be quite time enough to lose either of them, when necessity compels us to bear with so painful a separation."

"But I have been thinking," continued Alice, with still greater embarrassment, "that your family may censure you for having burthened yourself with the bringing up of a child not your own; and though I have a trifle towards maintaining him, yet it may occasion a coolness between you, which I should wish to avoid. I think Edward had better remain under the care of my mother; I know he will be kindly treated, and my mind will be perfectly easy on his account."

The generous soldier gave a painful start;

start; then catching the lovely boy to his bosom, he pressed him in his arms with all a father's fondness, as the tear of confirmed suspicion fell on the upraised face of the wondering child; while Alice, trembling with fear and expectation, half relented from her long-cherished purpose, as she gazed in silence on the beautiful object of her maternal jealousy.

At length Mackenzie spoke—"It is in vain, Alice, that you seek to conceal from me the altered state of your heart towards this poor boy, who ought to be no less dear to you than your other children: you no longer love him—all your affection is placed on your girls; and this sweet child has now indeed become an orphan, since he has outlived his mother's tenderness."

Alice burst into tears; again her mind wavered from its determination, and again it became fixed to its first intention, when she beheld the overflowing kindness of her husband,

husband, which he now lavished openly on Edward.

"I do not like," said she, "to see you fonder of another man's son than you are of your own children; and, but for this, you and I should never have a word. The boy is as dear to me as ever, but I shall never be happy to see him more fondly treated than either Alice or Janet. If I can trust him with my mother, surely, Mackenzie, you ought not to thwart my wishes."

Her husband was silent, but he still held the boy close pressed to his bosom.

"You hardly suppose me to be such a brute," cried Alice, "as to part with the child to any one who would not behave kindly to him; and as for my mother, she will most likely become too fond of him, for she was always more partial to boys than to girls. If I leave Edward with her, I shall not let him be a burthen to her, but pay her for his board."

"And

"And who is to educate him?"

"He will want no other education, for some time to come, than what she can give him," replied Mrs. Mackenzie. "My mother lived as housekeeper many years in the family of lady Fitz-Arthur, the aunt of my young lady; she had been respectably brought up, and was much esteemed by her mistress, until she foolishly married a second husband, who carried her into his own village, where she still continues to reside, though he has been dead these five years. I was fortunately taken by lady Fitz-Arthur to attend on her niece, and it is now more than four years since I have seen my mother; but I have heard from her, as you know, several times since that period. Edward will not be brought up in ignorance, if he lives with my mother; and should you be sent abroad, I shall leave my little girls with her. If you do not go, I can fetch Edward any time you please, to live with us in Scotland."

"Alas,

"Alas, my poor boy!" exclaimed Mackenzie, as he kissed his blooming cheek, "I see that I must part with you sooner than I had expected.—But why," said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "should you not apply for the promised kindness of his godfather? Such a friend as the dean of H—— is worth preserving for the child. Perhaps Mr. Colvill will take the boy and bring him up, when he knows that his mother is determined to part with him."

The ashy hue of death overspread the features of Alice at this proposal of her husband.—"No, no!" cried she faintly, "Edward can never be the better for Mr. Colvill's promised friendship. If he was ever to find out who was the boy's father, he would instantly abandon him to his fate, and the poor child would then become the innocent sufferer for his parent's fault. No, no! Edward must not, cannot receive any benefit from the Colvill family."

Mackenzie

Mackenzie gazed on her with astonishment. After a pause, he said—"Well, Alice, you know best: I have never inquired into the secrets of your husband's connexions, have never wished you to be beholden to them for anything, and I certainly think you must have very good reasons for declining the favours of such a man as the dean of H——, who not only behaved with extreme kindness to you and to your son, but has written to us repeatedly with every assurance of friendship. Nothing could possibly be more unlucky for Edward, than that he should be obliged to shun the patronage of Mr. Colvill."

"And yet it must be so," replied Alice hastily; "I could not answer to my own conscience if I were to let him have the care of Edward. Something might betray the secret of his birth to the dean, and I should be made miserable for life."

"Then we will not risk your peace of mind, my dearest Alice, for the uncertain

prosperity of Edward. A state of dependence is, at best, a painful one; and Edward may be far more happy in earning his own subsistence, than in living on the bounty of the dean."

The mind of Alice was already made up to part with the little Edward: her excessive fondness for her girls made her wish to monopolize for them all the love and attention of their father, and this she perceived would never be the case while Edward continued to reside under the same roof with them. In placing him with her mother, she felt assured that he would have strict justice done to him; and as it was not her intention that he should be a burthen to the old woman, she had laid up a small sum of money to insure his welcome. It however required all her powers of pleasing, all her caresses, all her tenderness, to win over Mackenzie to consent to the removal of the child; and when at length he reluctantly gave her leave to act as she thought proper, it

was

was but too evident that his concession cost him a severe pang.

Alice, fearing lest her husband should repent of having yielded to her entreaties, contrived to keep the boy out of his sight until within a few minutes of the hour fixed for her meeting the stage. Mackenzie, with a foreboding heart, folded the sweet child in his arms; the soul of the warrior melted to all the softness of a woman, as he felt the lips of his adopted son press his own, and his soft hands pat his cheek in childish fondness. The starting tears proclaimed the interest which he took in the infant's fate, and Alice, who witnessed with fear and trembling the internal struggles of Mackenzie, now more than ever felt the necessity of separating him from so formidable a rival to her daughters.

"Remember, Alice," said the soldier, with an unsteady voice, "that I cannot give you a greater proof of my regard than by giving up this child: I have sa-

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crificed to your peace one of my dearest hopes. Tell your mother, that as she deals with this infant, so may Heaven deal with her."

Mackenzie then quitted the room, leaving Alice to follow him, with her little girls, to the place where they were to take the stage, which was to convey them to the village where her mother lived. When arrived at the inn, Mackenzie, who had preserved a melancholy silence all the way, except when he was compelled to answer the various questions of Edward, whom he still held in his arms, stopped, and placing the child on the ground, helped his wife and daughters into the coach. Again and again he kissed his adopted son; at length he gave him to his wife—"Take care of our dear Edward," said he in a hurried tone, "and don't leave him, Alice, with your mother, unless you are certain he will be happy." He then tore himself away, to the great mortification of Mrs. Mackenzie, who had expected that he would

would bestow on his little girls the parting kiss of a father.

But the heart of the soldier was too sorely oppressed with grief to think of any other object than the innocent child who bore his name, and for whose welfare he was so deeply interested. He had yielded to the persuasions of Alice, from a conviction that *her* happiness, and perhaps that of the boy himself, depended upon his temporary removal: from all that he had heard of his wife's mother, he believed that the child would be more kindly treated than he had been lately by her jealous daughter, who envied him every caress which he received from the father of her girls. Notwithstanding this consoling hope, Mackenzie felt most bitterly disappointed in being thus unexpectedly deprived of the artless affection of his favourite. He had adopted him in heart and soul for his own, had already taught him to read and to spell, and looked forward to the time when he should be

rewarded for his labours, by the bright display of Edward's intellectual endowments.

Slowly he returned to his solitary home, and from thence to the head-quarters of his regiment, which was ordered to begin its march in a few hours. It was to halt the next day, within five miles of the village in which the mother of Alice resided, and here he was to be joined by his wife and her little girls; but Edward, the beloved, the smiling, playful Edward, no more would greet his adopted father with the laugh, the kiss of infant tenderness; no more would climb his knees to lift the plumed bonnet from the head of Mackenzie, and place it on his own, in mimic sport and childish pride: Edward, the beloved, the joy of his heart, was to be left behind; and Mackenzie's soul again melted with womanish distress, until the well-known sound of martial music, the sound of Caledonia's dear-loved harmonies, roused the languid soldier from his painful reflections.

tions. His native land, his cherished relatives, the mountain-scenery of his home, the playmates of his youth, all burst upon his sight at once; and as the strains grew louder and louder, as they approached to where Mackenzie stood, as his eyes quickly glanced over the joyful countenances of his brave companions in arms, the happiness *they* felt diffused itself into the soul of Mackenzie, and for a time displaced every thought or feeling unconnected with Scotland and its cherished treasures.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice meanwhile proceeded on her journey with no very pleasurable sensations: she was about to revisit her mother, whom she had not seen for more than four years, and to resign to her keeping the infant boy whom once she had hoped never to

part from. Her mother was also ignorant of the birth of Edward, and Alice would therefore have to explain many particulars to her, which, if possible, she wished to avoid. But Alice had no alternative: dearly as she loved the boy, she could not bring herself to view with composure the preference which her husband evidently felt for him; she would have been contented to let him share with Alice and Janet the affection of their father, but she could not tamely allow him to monopolize all the attention of Mackenzie.

It was a pleasant and tranquil evening in June, when Alice reached the village in which her mother lived. She inquired for Mrs. Grey, and was directed to a neat white cottage, encircled by trees, and nearly covered with ivy and creeping flowers, which formed a bower over the porch of the door. It was at the extremity of the village, and comfortably sheltered from all approach of the north-east wind. Alice, delighted at the appearance of her mother's

ther's dwelling, hastened with her children to partake of its internal comforts. She knocked at the door; it was opened by Margaret Grey. In a moment the mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms; tears of rapture ran down the good woman's cheeks, as she separately embraced her child and infant grandchildren.

"My own dear, dear Alice!" cried Margaret, "who could have thought of seeing you?—And your husband, why did he not come to share my blessing and my love?—And these little ones, are they all yours, Alice—all of them?—Oh, my poor dear child! how the sight of you gladdens my old heart! Blessed be the name of the Lord, who has thus permitted me to see you once more before I die!"

Alice soon satisfied the curiosity of her mother about her husband; and while the affectionate old woman was busily employed in preparing tea for her daughter and her little ones, Alice quickly ran over

the principal events of the years that had elapsed since she had last seen her mother. The good woman listened to her with mute attention: Edward and Alice sat on each knee, while little Janet, placed on the lap of her mother, divided with the others the fond notice of their aged parent.

"Tell me, my child," said old Margaret, "why did you hide from me your first marriage?—What a noble boy it is! I have seen somebody like him, but my head is so confused just now, I cannot remember who it is. What was his father's name?"

"No matter, mother," replied Alice, wishing to avoid the subject; "I have sworn never to divulge his name to any one: he was a gentleman, and that's enough. The boy will never be the better for knowing who he belongs to, so I determined to call him after Mackenzie, who loves him, I verily believe, better than he does his own girls."

"May God bless and prosper him for it!"

it!" cried Margaret warmly. "Who could look upon this handsome smiling face, and not love the little rogue dearly?—There is a great difference, Alice, in the appearance of your little girls. Any one who sees Edward may tell he comes from a different stock—he has such a genteel look with him. Who can it be that I have seen like him?"

"Never mind, mother, who it is," said Alice hastily, and half offended at the notice taken of him by her mother: "the boy is well enough; he was always more strong and healthy than either Alice or Janet. But you know, my dear mother, that you were ever more partial to boys than to girls. I think I must leave Edward with you, mother, instead of taking him to Scotland."

"God bless him! and I would do justice to him," exclaimed Margaret—"he should share with me what little I have; and he would not want for companions, for I have, ever since the death of poor

Grey, taught the village children to write and read, and that brings me in a tolerable living.—But you would not part with him?"

Alice now assured her mother that, on the contrary, nothing would make her happier than leaving the child under her protection, as she knew that he would be well treated and taken every care of, and that she herself would cheerfully pay for his support. The kind old woman was half wild with joy; she hugged the lovely boy to her bosom, she kissed his rosy cheeks, his dimpled mouth, and stroked down the bright ringlets which clustered over his forehead, shading by their profusion the beauty of his sparkling eyes. The intelligent child gazed a few minutes in the face of Margaret; its mild benevolence and warm affection pleased him—he flung his arms round her neck, and laid his blooming cheek to hers, now wrinkled with age.

"I will love you," said he, in a sweet and

and silvery voice—" love you next to my father, whom I love dearer than any body."

" What! dearer than your own mother?" cried Margaret, returning his embrace.

" Yes," replied the sensible boy; " I love my mother, but I love my father best, 'cause he takes my part when sister Alice is cross to me; and when she and Janet vex my mother, and make her angry with me, then father takes me on his knee, and kisses me, and pats my head, and sings to me. Will you come and live with us in Scotland? We will all love you, and be so kind to you, and I will do every thing you bid me, and be such a good boy, if you will come with us."

Margaret nearly suffocated him with kisses; and Alice, who felt some secret reproaches, now that she was on the point of losing him, caressed him tenderly, saying that he was on the whole a very well-disposed child, only that he played too roughly

roughly with his sisters, and made them cross and ill-tempered.

Margaret quickly perceived that her daughter was most partial to her girls, and that poor Edward's best friend was his adopted father; this made her more anxicus to have the boy left with her, as she was not slow in discerning that both Alice and Janet were fretful peevish children, to whom Edward was expected to submit in every thing.

After Alice had succeeded in getting her little girls to sleep, and had sat with them half an hour, lest they should awake and again begin screaming, she joined her mother below, who by this time had got ready a nice supper, and brought out a bottle of her best home-made wine, to welcome the presence of her child. Alice, on her part, had brought with her several presents, which she thought might be acceptable to her parent, together with some articles of wearing apparel, sent by

Mackenzie

Mackenzie to the mother of his wife. After their repast, they naturally reverted to the events of past times.

"I know," said old Margaret, "that my lady never perfectly forgave my marrying poor Grey; she was so fond of me, and I was so much in her confidence, that she did not like to lose me. But poor Grey was a good husband to me; and though I often felt the difference of my situation, yet I never repented having him, or quitting my lady, especially as she continued her kindness to you. But what did Miss Fitz-Arthur say to your leaving her, Alice? She used to make such a pet of you, that I thought it impossible she should ever part from you."

"She was very unhappy at my quitting her," replied Alice; "but I was forced to go away. Oh, well she knew that nothing but necessity could ever oblige me to leave her; for I loved her as dearly as I loved my own soul."

"Well, that was very strange, and I have

have often said so," cried Margaret; "for never were two more opposite creatures in disposition, and in every thing else, than you and Miss Fitz-Arthur. I used to be sadly afraid, at one time, that she would make you as bad as herself; for I fear that she is no better than she should be. From her childhood, and you know that my lady had her when she was only five years old, she was always so proud and overbearing, so haughty to her inferiors, and so bold and forward to her equals, that not a servant in the house liked her except yourself. She certainly had the beauty of an angel, but we used to say that she had a devil's heart."

"Nay, mother, you are prejudiced against her, because she happens to be a little vain of her person. You should consider that she was uncommonly beautiful, and known to be the heiress of all her aunt's property. Surely she had something to be proud of."

"God forgive me if I judge her wrongfully,"

fully," said Margaret; "but, if I am not mistaken, she will have more faults to account for than pride. Beautiful as she is, there is a something in the cast of her eyes that I should be sorry to see in a child of mine; and as for feeling or affection, I'm sure she has none. God help her husband, whenever she gets one! he must be a bold man who would venture his happiness to her keeping."

"Mother," cried Alice, "you are too severe. Miss Fitz-Arthur has been married upwards of two years to the marquis of Anendale, and I dare say makes as good a wife as most ladies of fashion. She was a kind and good mistress to me, and I do not like to hear her spoken ill of."

"Well, my child, then I won't name her again. I suppose you have seen her since her marriage?"

"No, mother," replied Alice, "I have denied myself that pleasure, because I know that she would not approve of my marrying a soldier."

"She

"She may live to do worse," muttered the old woman. "I only hope that she may never become a mother; for, if she does, she will make a very bad one."

"She has two daughters already," said Alice. "But let us talk of something more pleasing to you, mother. Tell me how many scholars you have, and whether your health suffers from the fatigue of your daily occupation? Tell me every thing, mother, for I must leave you to-morrow."

Old Margaret confessed that her health was not so good as it used to be before the death of her husband; "but I must not complain," said she, "for, blessed be the name of the Lord! I have hitherto done very well. My scholars are all good-disposed children, and I have friends in the village, far above me, who respect me, and who often call to inquire after my health."

She now entered more minutely into her own circumstances, not forgetting those

those of her neighbours, which soon put Miss Fitz-Arthur and her faults out of her mind; and Alice had also so many things to say, as well as to hear, that the night was far spent before either of them thought of retiring to their beds.

In the morning, Alice felt considerably perplexed what excuse to frame to Edward for leaving him behind. At first she thought of going away unknown to him; but this appeared too much like deserting him; and she resolved to have recourse to some plausible falsehood, rather than act with such apparent unkindness. Edward was therefore led to believe that old Margaret would follow her daughter to Scotland in a short time, if he would stay to bear her company; and the poor innocent child was so won upon by the persuasive kindness of Margaret, that he readily consented to stay until she could conveniently join his adopted father in his native land.

With all the prattling innocence of youth, Edward beguiled away the hours; his

his active mind found sufficient source of amusement in the novelty of all around him, and he saw Mrs. Mackenzie and her little girls quit the cottage, without manifesting any very strong tokens of distress. Old Margaret held him in her arms—she called him her darling boy, her beautiful child; she kissed him again and again, and told him he should do as he pleased, and have what he pleased, and that they should soon go in a fine new coach to meet Mackenzie. The sweet boy believed the well-meant falsehood; and as he clung with childish fondness to the neck of Margaret Grey, his little heart throbbed with all its natural warmth of affection, which had too often been chilled by the frowns and jealous reproofs of his mother.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD became, as Alice had prophesied, the darling of her mother, and, in short, the idol of most of her scholars; though some there were who envied him the love of old Margaret, and who would jeeringly call him "the little favourite," "the fine gentleman;" but these were few; the generality of the children, while they felt and owned his evident superiority over themselves, loved him for his gay good humour, his quickness of perception, his warmth of heart, and, above all, for his personal attractions, which made him the universal pet among the female part of her pupils.

Edward, though barely turned of four years old, could read and spell better than many boys twice his age; yet he was not always

always in a mood for learning the lessons set him by old Margaret—he would frequently play truant for the whole day; but the studies of the next amply compensated for his fits of temporary idleness. Nor was he wholly idle during these hours of aversion to his book; it was then that he would amuse himself, by the help of a piece of chalk, on the floor; and many a rude sketch was taken of the busy inmates of the room, of Margaret Grey, her high-backed chair and spectacled nose, which gave proofs of that embryo genius that at a future time burst forth with all the fire and brilliancy of a master in the art. Margaret smiled at the first attempts of infant talent, and in order to save her floor, as well as to preserve the good order of her school, whose attention was taken up by the *idle* exercises of Edward, she bought him a pencil, and gave him a hoard of paper, which he might use as often as he felt inclined to be *lazy*.

It was some time, however, before Edward

ward could make himself master of his pencil: it was repeatedly broken, and as repeatedly recut by Margaret; but when he had accomplished it, he repaid her for her trouble, by drawing a tolerable likeness of her old favourite cat, which was carefully placed over the mantlepiece, as a specimen of her darling's abilities. Nor was Margaret the only one who used to view with delight the resemblance of poor puss: among her scholars, one more than all the rest was attached to Edward; this was a little girl, two years his senior, and the prettiest of them all: she was the only child of a tradesman in the village, and had lost her mother, which loss was but ill supplied by her father, a drunken, profligate character; and poor Martha Smith was suffered to run about the village after her school-hours, seeking what companions she could find, without control, without advice, or a proper home to receive her. Martha was in her seventh year—a quick, intelligent child—busy, forward, and curious

ous to know every thing: she was handsome and lively, and she no sooner beheld Edward, than she became his friend and protector. As she had money at command, scarce a day elapsed without her bringing him substantial proofs of her regard; but as Edward was neither mercenary nor greedy, her gifts would not have procured his affection, had they not been accompanied by the more persuasive bribes of flattery and tenderness. Martha praised his performances, and encouraged him to continue them, begging, every now and then, as a great favour, one or two of his drawings, to hang up in her own room; then she kissed him so sweetly, and took such pains to make him happy, that Edward, whose young heart was formed of the softest materials, quickly evinced for Martha a decided preference, to the no small mortification of her jealous companions, many of whom were much older than herself.

Margaret, who had long pitied the neglected situation of Martha Smith, and lamented

lamented the cruel neglect of her father, in allowing her to rove at pleasure up and down the village, now began to manifest for her a stronger regard, in proportion to the affection which the young girl testified for Edward; she invited her to remain after school-hours were over, to which the child joyfully consented; thus becoming more and more the companion and playmate of the "little gentleman."

This was a title that Edward well became: his person, his form, his manners, his every movement, betrayed an innate gentility, rarely to be met with among the lower ranks of society. As circumstances unfolded the powers of his mind, old Margaret, who was not deficient in discernment, was frequently surprised at the uncultivated sense which he displayed in his questions and remarks, and still more so at the sudden bursts of pride which he betrayed, whenever he was provoked into casual fits of passion by the rudeness of any of his playfellows. His anger was

always transient; for the haughty dignity of Edward, whose bright eyes flashed indignantly on the offenders, soon drew from them an acknowledgment of error, which instantly procured their pardon, and restored the crimson countenance of Edward to its usual serenity.

One boy in particular seemed to take great delight in rousing the stormy feelings of Edward: he was the son of a respectable widow woman, who lived at a short distance from Margaret's cottage, and who, whenever he met Edward, made a rule of insulting him; then, coward-like, he would run away, and shelter himself within the sanctuary of his home. He was of the same age as Edward, but more strong and heavily made. Ignorant, cowardly, and cruel, he hated Edward for the beauty of his person, the intelligence of his mind, and the bravery of his nature. Edward and his companion Martha Smith were returning home, with each a little basket in their hands, full of various cakes,

nuts,

nuts, and sweetmeats, which they had been purchasing to celebrate the natal day of the former, who had just completed his eighth year: they were met by Tom Cummins, who, spreading out his hands, declared they should not pass until he had seen the contents of their baskets. Martha remonstrated with Tom, but to no purpose; while Edward, whose face was crimson with anger, asked him how he dared to stop their way, and insisted upon his desisting from his impertinence. Tom screwed up his mouth and nodded his head significantly, saying—"Ay, ay, my fine gentleman! do put yourself into a passion, do, and spoil your pretty face. Who the deuce are you? Do you think that I should leave off at your bidding?—Why, your father is only a soldier, my little gentleman, so pray leave off all your fine airs. My father and mother are much better than yours, and I shall stay here as long as I like, and as short as I like, for

all that you have got Miss Patty to back you."

"Will you so?" cried Edward, flinging down the basket—"we will see to that. Patty, I command you not to move a step; I'll soon teach this insolent boaster better manners."

Springing forward like an angry lion, he seized hold of Tom's throat, and nearly shook the breath out of his body, and then letting him go as suddenly, the affrighted coward fell to the ground, bawling out for mercy.

"Get up, Tom," said Edward, pulling him from his dastardly posture, "get up, and own that you have acted like an insolent coward. Are you not always behaving rudely to me? do you ever see me without insulting me?—Yes, my father is a soldier—he is serjeant in the 44th regiment; he is a brave man, a good man, a sensible man: and what are you, Tom? Why, the most ignorant, brutish, and

and mean-spirited boy in the whole village. Get up, I say, and beg my pardon this instant, before Patty, or I'll beat you as long as I am able."

Tom Cummins, who by no means relished the specimen he had already received of Edward's courage and ability to defend himself, instantly obeyed, and with the most fawning servility begged pardon, declaring that he was only in jest. Edward darted on him a look of proud contempt, then taking up the basket, and placing Patty's arm in his, he left the affrighted boy, gently admonishing him to be careful in future how he mentioned the name of his father, or how he applied to himself any terms which might be construed into derision. Tom took the hint, and ever after preserved a civil tongue.

Martha failed not to report the whole affair to old Margaret, who hugged the intrepid boy in her arms, and gloried in the courage which he had displayed so far beyond his years; not that Margaret

would have wished him to be quarrelsome or overbearing to his playmates, but she rejoiced to find him both capable and willing to defend himself against the attacks of vulgar insolence and low-bred presumption.

"Grandmother," cried Edward thoughtfully, "is there any disgrace in being a soldier, that that ignorant boy Tom Cummins reproached me with my father's being a soldier?"

"No, my darling," replied Margaret Grey; "it is an honour, instead of a disgrace, to serve his Majesty, and fight for the defence of our liberties and laws. A disgrace indeed! Any man might be proud to be the son of the brave serjeant Mackenzie; but your father was a gentleman bred and born, and your godfather is a gentleman, and belongs to one of the best families in England."

"How, grandmother," exclaimed the boy, bursting into a flood of tears, "how can you be so cruel as to tell me that serjeant

jeant Mackenzie is not my father?—Never, never can I love any one so dearly as I do him. Though I was a very little boy when he went to Scotland, yet I remember him well: he loved me better than my mother, better than any body but you and Patty Smith."

"My heart's treasure, be comforted," said old Margaret, as she fondly caressed him, while Patty wiped away his quick-falling tears; "in the warmth of my feelings I have suffered a secret to escape me, which your mother wished to be concealed from you until you were older."

"Who then was my father?" cried Edward hastily, as he raised his head from the bosom of Margaret; "and why am I not called by his name?"

"My dearest child," said Margaret Grey, "your father died before you were born, and when your mother married serjeant Mackenzie, you were not more than five weeks old. As your father's family were far her superiors, and as they would not

acknowledge her, she resolved to christen you by the name of that dear good man who so warmly adopted you for his own, and who loves you as fondly as if you were his own son."

"And I will never own another father," cried the boy with earnestness, "never go by any other name than his. If my father's relations were to own me to-morrow, and make a lord of me, still I would be called Edward Mackenzie, the soldier's son."

Margaret now cautioned Patty not to mention what she had heard, as it might only increase the envy of the ill-natured, were it known that Edward's father was a gentleman; she then left them, to get ready a treat which she had provided for the birthday of Edward, who had invited his chief favourites to spend it with him; but not all their joyous hilarity could chace from the mind of Edward the secret which old Margaret had inadvertently betrayed; although Patty redoubled her endeavours

deavours to amuse him, in which she was assisted by all his young friends—although Margaret Grey forgot her age, forgot her rheumatism, and joined in all their childish sports, still Edward could not repress the starting tear, or check the involuntary sigh—serjeant Mackenzie was the being whom most on earth he loved, and serjeant Mackenzie was no longer to be deemed his father. Edward tried to be cheerful and happy, but he tried in vain.

At length Margaret, whispering, said—"Enjoy yourself to-day, my dear Edward—be merry, and make your companions merry, and to-morrow I will read you a letter from your father, serjeant Mackenzie, which is entirely about yourself. But you must let me see you look gay and animated, as usual."

The countenance of Edward instantly beamed with pleasure; he should hear or read the sentiments of his adopted father, he should learn his wishes respecting himself, and kiss the dear-loved characters

traced by his hand; with new-kindled vigour and buoyant spirits, Edward skipped back to his companions, and the next instant Margaret Grey heard his joyous laugh, which made her old heart dance again with new-born rapture.—"Ah!" thought Margaret, as she beheld his graceful form bounding between those of the village children, as she saw the angel-smile of guileless pleasure play around his dimpled mouth and sparkle in his bright blue eye, as every bend of his pliant limbs gave to sight some new grace, some fresh beauty, "ah!" thought Margaret, "now would I give all my worldly goods and chattels to find out who was thy father, my darling Edward; for nature, in spite of fortune, has cast thee in no common mould—every look, every gesture, bespeaks the son of a gentleman."

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD had now been four years under the care of Margaret Grey, during which time he had been indulged in every wish of his heart. At first he was very inquisitive to know when she would go with him to Scotland, but as she repeatedly formed some fresh excuse to delay her journey, and as he was perfectly happy in his new situation and with his new associates, he by degrees became less anxious to leave them, and less solicitous to join his mother and her cross, peevish, spoiled little girls.

Alice wrote constantly to old Margaret, never failing in her promised remittances for the support of Edward. Her letters were full of affectionate interest for his welfare, but they betrayed no intention of

withdrawing him from the protection of his grandmother. She said that she and her children were comfortably situated in the house of her husband's sister, with whom she meant to leave her daughters, in case of Mackenzie's being ordered abroad; but that, much as they wished to have the boy with them, they would not deprive her of his society, as it had become so necessary to her happiness.

Mackenzie wrote also to the mother of his wife, and the fond guardian of his darling child. He expressed his wish to have him sent to a good school, where the boy would be instructed in those necessary acquirements which were beyond the knowledge of Margaret Grey; and, above all, he desired that his talent for drawing might be properly cultivated. Many a present did the generous soldier convey to his adopted son unknown to Alice, and many a welcome gift was also received by old Margaret at the same time, for herself.

At length the orders so long dreaded by

by Alice arrived, and the Highland warriors prepared for foreign service. She had just lost her eldest little girl, and was therefore but ill able to endure a separation from her youngest; but she strove to bear her heavy misfortune with fortitude and resignation, and the more so, perhaps, from a secret conviction that she had not acted so kindly as she ought to have done towards poor Edward.

Again Mackenzie reminded Alice of the important patronage which she had now the power of claiming for her child, and besought her not to suffer any personal pique or false delicacy to rob him of the offered kindness of his godfather.—"Think, Alice," said Mackenzie, "of what may be the fate of this dear boy, should Providence, in our absence, take from him the only natural protector he will then have—your good old parent: think also of what he might be, if placed in the hands of the dean of H——."

"Why

"Why do you remind me of what only adds to my distress?" replied his wife, with evident agitation. "Do you really believe, Mackenzie, that I would withhold from Edward the countenance of such a man as Mr. Colvill, without just reasons for so doing?—Be satisfied, my dear husband, that I act from principle, not from caprice, and from a firm persuasion that Edward will be far happier if brought up to gain his own maintenance, than he would be if he were under the care of the dean, and reared at his expence."

"Well," said Mackenzie, after a long and painful pause, "well, Alice, *you* must know best. Some time or other, should Heaven spare my life, you may think me worthy of your confidence; but I will not claim as my right what ought to be given me from affection."

"Dearest Edward," replied Alice, weeping, "my confidence should be as freely

yours as is my heart, but that it is not in my own power to bestow it. There is a secret attached to my poor boy——"

"I feel that there is," replied the soldier, sighing from the bottom of his soul.

"A secret," continued Alice, "which I dare not trust to any human being, or you, Mackenzie, would not have remained in ignorance of it a day after our union."

"Let the subject drop and be forgotten," said Mackenzie thoughtfully. "Edward could not be dearer to me, were he my own son: to secure your peace of mind, Alice, I consented to resign him to your worthy mother. It has pleased Heaven to deprive us of our little girl, for whose sake poor Edward was neglected."

Here Alice burst into a violent flood of tears, and Mackenzie, tenderly embracing her, said—"I meant not to reproach you, my beloved wife; but as I have so long been prevented from doing my duty to my adopted son, I cannot think of quitting, perhaps for ever, my native land, without

without once more beholding him. I have already obtained permission for two days' absence, and in an hour's time shall be on my way towards your mother's home."

The heart of Alice was too full of grief for the death of her little girl, and too much oppressed by other distressful feelings, to oppose the generous intentions of her husband; she would have accompanied him to take leave of Edward, but she could not take Janet with her; and to leave her, when she was on the point of separating from her, perhaps for ever, was what Alice could not bring herself to think of: besides, Mackenzie expressed no desire that she should bear him company in his rapid journey; and she therefore contented herself with getting ready a variety of articles which she had intended for her mother and Edward, and with writing as long a letter to the former as the shortness of her time would permit.

Mackenzie scarcely paused to take breath,

breath, until he reached the village which contained his darling boy. It was the same month, and nearly the same day, as that on which he had first beheld him sleeping on the lap of Alice. The recollection of what he then felt towards both mother and child, now added to the tenderness of his feelings; he remembered also that he had called Heaven to witness his solemn intention of being a father to the boy in the strictest sense of the word, and he prayed for the forgiveness of his Creator, if he had erred in too fondly yielding to the persuasions of his wife, and by so doing had resigned him to the care of another. The busy mind of the warrior pictured to itself what Edward was at four years old, and what he now was at twice that age. He wished to behold him, for a few moments, unseen by any eye but that of Heaven, that he might feast his own upon the form he loved, and gain sufficient self-command to encounter

the

the artless questions and inquiries of his adopted son.

As Mackenzie approached the ivy-covered cottage of his mother-in-law, his heart bounded at the print of feet in the snow that covered the pathway to the door: they might be those of Edward. Cautiously he crept towards the porch, which, though no longer gay with sweet-scented flowers, could still boast the dark-green foliage of the constant ivy. Through its twisted branches Mackenzie got a complete view into the little parlour of Margaret Grey, while the cheerful blaze of a nice wood fire enabled him to discern its happy inmates.

The good old woman, whose open and friendly countenance was a perfect index of her mind, was seated by the fire, in her high-backed elbow-chair, and by her side sat Edward and Patty Smith; the arm of the former was thrown round the waist of Patty, while hers, with equal kindness,

was

was placed around his neck. In the hand of Edward was a letter, which he laid on the lap of Margaret, while his eyes sparkled with pride and exultation, and the bright crimson of his cheek grew deeper and deeper as his feelings became stronger. —" Grandmother," he cried, and his voice shot through the soul of Mackenzie— " grandmother, I will never forget all your goodness towards me, never forget your kindness in shewing me the letters of serjeant Mackenzie. How tenderly he speaks of me! He says that I shall make a good man, and that night and day he prays for my happiness. Dear grandmother, I will try to be a good man, that I may be a comfort to you both. I would sooner die than give either of you a moment's pain. Oh that I could but once more see my dear, dear father Mackenzie, that I might tell him how kind you have always been to me!—I think, if he knew how dearly I love him, and what happi-

ness

ness it gives me to read his letters, he would come from Scotland to see me."

"I dare say he would soon come if he were able, my darling," cried old Margaret, putting aside some of the dark curls that overshadowed his eyes; "but you know, Edward, that serjeant Mackenzie's time is not his own, but his country's. I long to see him as much as you do, but I fear that my old eyes will never be blest with a sight of him."

"And *I* love him," exclaimed Patty, "and long to see him also, because he is good and kind to Edward."

"I would walk barefooted to see him, grandmother," said Edward; "but I would not stay long; I will never leave you, dear grandmother, unless it is to go for a short time to my beloved father Mackenzie, and then I would hurry back, for fear that you should want me."

Old Margaret embraced and blessed him, saying that she made no doubt but that

that God would hear his prayers, and permit him to see once again his dear adopted father.

Mackenzie, whose full heart was near bursting with suppressed affection, now tapped gently at the door.—"Go, Patty," said old Margaret; "I should not wonder if it is Mr. Lindsay, come at this time in the evening, dear kind soul! to inquire how I am."

Patty, at the sound of his name, flew to give entrance to the welcome visitor. Mackenzie drew back, and asked if the cottage belonged to Mrs. Grey? Edward started from his seat, and advancing a few paces, rushed suddenly forward, screaming in an agony of joy that it was his father, his beloved father Mackenzie.

In an instant he was close pressed to the bosom of the soldier, while Margaret Grey, scarcely daring to give credit to her senses, grasped his hand affectionately, and drew him to the fireside, with the familiar kindness of one long acquainted with his worth.

worth. Her high-backed easy chair was given up to Mackenzie, and Patty Smith, not waiting to be desired, heaped fresh faggots on the fire, to accelerate the boiling of the teakettle, and then slunk behind old Margaret, that she might gaze unobserved on the adopted father of Edward.

Old Margaret was the first to break silence.—"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" cried she, "who hath heard and granted my prayers, and who hath sent you here, my dear son, to gladden all our hearts—just, too, as we were talking of you!—Edward, my darling—rouse yourself, my treasure—you have not asked after your mother and little Janet."

Edward could not speak, and Mackenzie even found it an effort to think of any other object than the child of his adoption; he however recollected all the goodness of old Margaret towards that child, and endeavoured to make amends for his apparent neglect of her, by replying to all her questions

questions respecting his wife and Janet, and then delivered to her the letter and the gifts of Alice.

Poor old Margaret, whose eyes were dim with tears of pleasure, and whose frame shook from the same cause, was obliged, for the present, to lay aside the letter, and give vent to her overcharged bosom, by manifesting to Mackenzie all the affection which she had long nourished for him, and which he felt equally disposed to evince for her. Edward was their chief theme—Edward their mutual pride, their hope, their idol; while *he* on whom they both doted remained locked in the arms of Mackenzie, as if afraid again to lose him.

"Look up, my dear boy," cried the soldier, "and let me see you smiling and happy, as when I beheld you just now through the window. Where is that pretty-looking girl who so kindly expressed a wish to see me because I was good to you?"

Edward

Edward instantly raised his head and called to Patty, who now crept from her hiding-place; but he would not leave the knee of his adopted parent. Patty slowly advanced, blushing all the while. Edward caught her hand and gave it to Mackenzie.—"Love her, dear, dear father," said the boy earnestly; "for she is very good, and very kind and affectionate to me and to my grandmother."

Mackenzie embraced the timid girl, and taking from his pocket a small gold coin, gave it her, as a reward for her affection to his adopted son. Patty looked at the coin with eyes which sparkled with delight, and whispering in the ear of Edward, said that she would preserve the gift of his father as long as she lived.

Edward would not be separated that night from Mackenzie, and Patty, who had her father's permission to stay at the cottage whenever she pleased, now remained and partook of old Margaret's bed.

This worthy creature no sooner learnt that

that her son-in-law was ordered on foreign service, than she offered to take charge of the little Janet, although her own increasing ill health made such a charge extremely hazardous; but Mackenzie was compelled to decline what otherwise he would have accepted with joy, as Alice had already agreed to leave her daughter under the care of his sister, whose prosperous circumstances and fondness for the child made the sanguine mother look forward to the advantages which it might derive from the protection of its aunt.

The next day Mackenzie overlooked, with surprise and pleasure, the infant specimens of Edward's dawning genius, all of which Margaret had carefully collected together, except those which the boy had given to Patty Smith, to decorate her own bedchamber at home. The discerning soldier no sooner beheld the childish productions of Edward's *idle* hours, than he unhesitatingly declared that, if his talents were properly cultivated, he would

soon be able to make his fortune, and strictly enjoined his grandmother to send him to a respectable school, where he might be taught drawing and other branches of education. He next examined the boy himself in all that he had learned, and though his knowledge, as might be expected, was very confined, yet it was still plainly evident that he possessed all the requisites necessary to form the scholar and the gentleman. Mackenzie sighed, for he recollected the proffered kindness of the dean of H——, and lamented that the boy could not avail himself of so advantageous a connexion.

Edward longed, yet feared to mention to Mackenzie that he knew that he was not his father; but old Margaret, who observed the changeful features of the boy, took an opportunity to inquire the cause. Edward was a stranger to falsehood or dissimulation, and he therefore told his wishes to his grandmother, at the same time generously expressing his determination

termination not to gratify them, if, by so doing, he should occasion any disagreement between her and his adopted parent. Margaret loved the boy too dearly to check any of his desires, unless they were such as would create his own unhappiness; she therefore led him back to where Mackenzie was sitting, and by reverting to the story of his encounter with Tom Cummins, took occasion to mention her own warmth of feeling, which had drawn from her the secret of his birth.

"But father, dear father," cried Edward, springing on his knees, "if I am not your son, I will never own another father—never go by any name but yours; for I love you with my whole heart and soul so very dearly, that I think I can never love another human being with the same love as that I feel for you."

Mackenzie pressed him to his heart—"And I, Edward, can never feel towards another child what I still feel for you," replied the warrior, as he embraced him.

"It was one of the severest trials of my life to part with you; but I did it for the best, and, thank Heaven! you have not wanted my care and tenderness since you have been with your grandmother."

"I have tried to make him happy, and have done my best for him," said Margaret Grey; "but though I know that Edward loves me, and I believe does not wish to leave me, his heart and mind have always been full of you. I do indeed think that never will he love any other human being as he now loves you."

The soldier smiled affectionately on the boy.—"Would to Heaven that I could do as I wish to do for you, Edward!" said he; "no man's son should have a better education than yourself; as it is, I must content myself with giving you such a one as my finances will permit. You shall go to school, Edward, and I will take care to have transmitted to your grandmother what will pay for your education. Providence may raise you up a friend when I

am

am gone, more capable of serving you than I am; and as you can now write pretty well, Edward, you must let me hear from you very often, and tell me every thing that concerns yourself and your beloved grandmother."

Edward's eyes filled with tears; they fell on his cheek, but he brushed them hastily off with his hand.—"I will not cry," said he angrily; "I am and will be a soldier's son, and I will not cry, because my dear father is going to fight for his country." Again the tears fell on his warm cheek, and again his hand was raised to expel the offenders.—"God *will* protect you," continued the boy; "for God is all mercy and goodness, and he will preserve you safe from harm, because you obeyed his laws, and befriended the widow and the fatherless."

Mackenzie burst into tears; he clasped the boy to his bosom in unutterable fondness, and as he kissed him he said—"Providence, my dearest Edward, orders every

thing for the best. If I live, I have no fear of being able to provide for you; if I die, Edward, you must do your best to comfort your poor mother, and, for my sake, you will be kind to Janet. I know that my sister will bring her up as her own child; but should she ever, at a future time, stand in need of a friend or a home, and you perhaps are capable of affording her both, you will not forget how dearly her father loved and cherished both you and your mother."

Edward's heart seemed ready to burst; he heard the sobs of old Margaret, who had covered her face with her apron to conceal her distress, and hastily quitting the arms of Mackenzie, he flung his round her neck, and laying his blooming cheek to hers, besought her to be comforted.—"I will never leave you, dear grandmother," said he, wiping away her tears, "never give you another moment's pain, if I can help it; and when I am old enough, I will provide for you myself. You shall do

do nothing but sit still like a lady, and Patty Smith shall be your maid, and work for you, and I will maintain you both."

The old woman smiled through her tears.—" And what, my darling, will you be? and how will you maintain us all?"

The boy paused for a moment, then suddenly exclaimed, as his eyes sparkled with delight—" I should like to be a soldier; but then I should not grow rich—should I, dear father? so I must learn to draw, and then to paint; and when I am a young man, I shall soon get plenty of money, and then, grandmother, Janet Mackenzie——"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lindsay, whom Margaret had expected the preceding evening, and who now came to inquire after her health and that of his great favourite, the courageous and high-minded Edward.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Lindsay was also one of Edward's great favourites, and, as such, he proudly introduced to him his adopted father, now ensign, instead of serjeant Mackenzie, which last rank had been procured for him by the sister who was to retain Janet, and who, as a mark of her affection, purchased for her brother his commission only a few days previous to his being ordered abroad. As Mr. Lindsay appeared desirous of speaking to old Margaret, Mackenzie took Edward into the back-garden of the cottage, which was kept in excellent order by one of her neighbours' sons, and which more than supplied the two families with vegetables and fruits, as it was twice as large as any of those belonging to the surrounding cottages. At the bottom

bottom of the garden the young man had formed a rustic arbour of climbing flowers, and here Margaret Grey and her darling, with Patty Smith and perhaps one or two more of her best scholars, used to drink their tea on a summer's evening, and enjoy themselves in all the luxury of innocent and unrestrained merriment.

How changed was now the prospect from this favourite retreat of the youthful Edward! The lattice-work alone was visible, except here and there the creeping ivy had taken advantage of its firm support, and twined itself around the bower, while from the dark-green leaves now hung the pendent icicles, glittering as they half melted in the sickly rays of a winter's sun. Not a flower cheered by its presence the desolated garden, while the snow, partly thawed and partly frozen, made the gravel-walk damp and uncomfortable to tread on; but Edward felt it not—his mind, his heart was full of one subject.—"Father," said he, looking wist-

fully in the fond face of Mackenzie as he grasped his hand, "father, I know you will not be angry with me if I ask you a question; grandmother tells me she cannot, but perhaps you will be able to satisfy my curiosity. Who was my real father? and what was his name?"

Mackenzie felt considerable embarrassment, as well as pain, at being unable to gratify the natural curiosity of his adopted son.—"My beloved boy," replied the soldier, tenderly caressing him, "I have so high an opinion of your understanding, that I would not hesitate one moment to confide to you the secret you demand, were I in possession of it myself. Your mother has never told me the name of your father, and I have forborne to question her, because it evidently gave her uneasiness. I have, however, every reason to believe that he was a gentleman."

Edward sighed.—"Do you think, my dear father Mackenzie, that I shall ever find out who he was? do you think that

my

my mother will tell me when I am a man?"

"Probably she may, my dear boy; but if she should not, you will not be ashamed, Edward, I hope, to go by my name?"

The blood rushed into the handsome face of the inquiring boy.—"Ashamed! oh no! I shall be proud to own the name of Mackenzie, and will never, never go by any other. Yet I should like to know *who* was my father, and whether I have any uncles or aunts. Dear father Mackenzie, can you tell me who was my godfather? grandmother said that *he* was a gentleman too. You may trust me, indeed you may, for I will never tell anything you bid me not."

Mackenzie was now most painfully situated; he must either tell a wilful falsehood, or confide to the prudence of a boy not yet nine years old, the name of a man who would have been his friend and benefactor, had it not been for the myste-

rious dislike of his mother to the connexion. Mackenzie still hesitated.

"Are you afraid to trust me, dear father?" said the boy in a beseeching tone; "indeed you need not. But perhaps my mother would be angry if you were to tell me who was my godfather?"

"Edward," replied the soldier gravely, "your mother would indeed be angry if she supposed that I should confide to you the name of a man who, from circumstances, I am led to believe must either have been the enemy of your father, or nearly related to him. It has cost your mother some trouble to keep your place of residence unknown to him, and it will cost me a considerable deal of uneasiness if I act in opposition to her wishes, and betray to you the name of a man whose friendship she has sedulously shunned ever since his family became known to her."

"Oh then, dear, dear father Mackenzie," exclaimed Edward earnestly, "do not,

not, do not tell me who was my godfather. I would not give you a moment's uneasiness for all the world. I no longer wish to know anything that you think proper to keep from me."

Mackenzie caught him in his arms—"Beloved boy," cried the fond soldier, gazing on the fine intelligent countenance of Edward, "beloved boy, that I could but see into futurity for thy dear sake! Oh that I was but gifted, like some of my countrymen, with a second sight, that I might read thy future destiny!—But come what come may, remember, dear Edward, this grand rule of life—Always do to others just what you would wish them to do to you; trust in Heaven for protection and for relief under every affliction; be just and honourable in all your actions; and whenever you meet with a fellow-creature in distress, afford him all the assistance in your power. Never, my dear boy, if possible, give cause of offence to any person; preserve your own dignity

and

and command of temper, and while you suffer no one to insult you with impunity, avoid all petty quarrels, as the bane of friendship and the source of serious evils. Remember, my dear boy, that while I live you can never want a friend, a father, an adviser; let me therefore hear from you often, and do not fear to inform me of all your concerns, for I shall never, Edward, be a harsh judge or an unfeeling father."

The call of old Margaret now broke the conversation, and Mackenzie, with his adopted son, returned to the house, and to the cheering comforts of a blazing fire, an excellent dinner, and a bottle of old Margaret's best elder wine. But these could not dispel from the mind of Mackenzie the crowd of painful ideas which depressed his naturally-cheerful spirits; a few hours, and he should have bidden adieu to the child of his love, an adieu which might be an eternal one. What, then, would become of that child, left to the

the care of a fond old woman, whose days must be nearly numbered, exiled from the home of his real father, and from the bosom of his sole surviving parent? what might be the future sorrows, the future cares, the future hardships of his darling Edward? Mackenzie felt his heart chilled as if by a bolt of ice: the warm affection of the worthy Margaret, the endearing tenderness of his adopted son, and the watchful attention of the innocent Patty, all failed to rouse the sinking spirits of the gallant soldier; even the high-spiced wine of old Margaret barely communicated its glowing warmth to the benumbed feelings of Mackenzie, until glass after glass at length succeeded in producing a temporary elevation.

Mackenzie attempted to laugh, and to call forth the laughter of his youthful companions; but their pensive features, and eyes so often turned towards the chiming clock, bespoke their inability to gratify his considerate kindness. Edward

quitted

quitted his seat and placed himself on the knee of his adopted father; he spoke of his mother and of Janet, and sent each of them a little drawing, as a token of his affection, while Mackenzie carefully consigned to his pocket-book all that Margaret had hoarded of her darling's performance. Mackenzie looked at his watch, and then at Edward: it was a silver one, of excellent workmanship, with a gold chain and seals; one of them bore the initials of his own name, and the other a pretty device of Cupid and a butterfly, given to him by his wife, who had it as a present from her young lady.

"Edward," said Mackenzie, kissing him affectionately, "I will give you this watch, which will serve two purposes; it will be useful to you when you grow older, and it will bring to your remembrance, every time that you look on it, a father who loves you with the warmest affection. I know that, for my sake, you will not part with it. Take equal care of this seal, because

cause it is one on which your mother sets a high value, as it was given to her by a lady to whom she was once strongly attached."

"That could be no other than Miss Fitz-Arthur," cried Margaret Grey. "She is one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, but she had a devil's heart and an angel's form. Well, I cannot help saying it, now that Alice is not by to hear me, that she certainly must have used some charm to make my poor girl so fond of her, for she was the only one in the house who liked her; but Alice could not see a fault she had (and God knows she had plenty), but she would have gone through fire or water to have served her, so dearly did she love her. My lady, God rest her soul! had always enough to do with her, she was so violent and untameable, so headstrong and so self-willed; but she has got a husband, Heaven help him, poor man! for I am sure I pity him, and that's

that's the real truth, and nothing but the truth."

"She was indeed most beautiful," said Mackenzie; "I little thought, as I gazed with respectful admiration on her uncommon loveliness, that she was the unamiable being you have represented her to be, my dear mother. However, she has now been married seven years to the marquis of Anendale, and has several children."

Margaret shook her head significantly. —"Better for them to have died in their infancy than to grow up to resemble her," said the old woman earnestly; "she has no heart, no natural affection, no feeling for anybody but herself. It is well that my poor Alice does not hear me, or she would be fine and vexed, for I verily believe that she loves her just as dearly as ever."

"That I can answer for," replied Mackenzie: "but time wears apace, and this friendly

friendly monitor reminds me, that affection and inclination must yield to necessity and to duty." He then gave his watch to Edward, who, kissing it with enthusiasm, promised to retain it for ever, unless indeed he was compelled to part with it in order to save the life of a fellow-creature.

"In that case, my son," said Mackenzie, "you have my free consent to do with it what you please; but preserve this seal, which is so sacred to your mother."

He rose to depart; Edward still hung on his neck, still begged him to stay a minute longer, while Margaret helped him to another goblet of hot elder wine. This was a timely relief to the fluctuating spirits of the soldier; never but once, and that was upon a similar occasion, had he had his fortitude so severely taxed; but now his foreboding heart seemed to remind him of the chances and the dangers of war, of the distance which would so soon divide him from the child of his affection, and of the possibility that the present

sent fond embrace might be the last he should ever receive from his beloved Edward; while the boy, conscious of the internal struggles which he endured, and unwilling to add to them by giving way to his agitated feelings, evinced a strength of mind and power of self-command which surprised them all.

At length, after repeated caresses and tender admonitions, Mackenzie tore himself from the clinging arms of the heroic boy, and rushed out of the cottage, as if fearing to trust himself with one more look, one more sound of the sweet voice he adored. The hospitable door soon closed on the flying warrior, and he who was brave enough to face with undaunted courage every danger in the field, now retreated with all possible speed from the magic arms of an orphan boy, who, had he possessed the power to call him back, would too surely have lulled for a time every sense of duty in the yielding soul of the generous and affectionate Mackenzie.

But

But Edward had no power to lure back to his embraces his flying father; he saw him dart from the cottage, he watched his quick-receding footsteps as they slid over the crackling ice, until his dear-loved form was no longer visible from the cottage. The door closed, and Edward, no longer master of his feelings, flung himself upon the floor and burst into an agony of tears, which his grandmother did not think proper to restrain, well knowing the effort he must have made to suppress them in the presence of his father.

CHAPTER VIII.

After the departure of Mackenzie for America, the spirits of Edward were evidently less gay than they were before his farewell-interview with his adopted father; yet one thing had power to rouse them to their

their accustomed hilarity—the sound of the postboy's horn, when letters were expected by Margaret from Columbia. It was then that the face of Edward brightened into a smile of rapturous delight, as he flew to meet half way the herald of his happiness; it was then, while listening to the tender hopes of Mackenzie, that the eyes and features of his darling boy melted with filial love; and while tears of fond affection streamed down his cheeks, while his heart swelled with contending emotions, he would cling to the kind bosom of his aged grandmother, and pray to Heaven to enable him to grow up to be all that Mackenzie, in the plenitude of his tenderness, foretold he would be.

Alice also would frequently add a postscript to her husband's letter for Edward. The kindness of her expressions had their due effect on his grateful heart, and all her former neglect and indifference were forgotten, or, if remembered, his generous and active mind quickly framed some excuse for

for the petulance and harshness of her conduct; and he soon learnt to write well enough to transmit to her, and to his beloved father Mackenzie, the warm and dutiful sentiments of their child.

Old Margaret from day to day delayed sending this young comfort of her soul to the school which she had selected for him; she found her health and strength gradually become more and more enfeebled, and she wanted courage to part with the solace of her declining years, at a time when his presence seemed necessary to her very being. Since the death of her husband, Margaret had been in the habit of always applying to one gentleman in the village for his opinion and advice, whenever that advice was requisite to regulate her actions, and she now resolved to inquire of Mr. Lindsay what he would do, were he in her situation.

Mr. Lindsay was a gentleman universally beloved by those who, like Margaret Grey, moved in the humble walks of life.

He

He was the last descendant of an ancient family, more celebrated for the nobleness of its ancestors than for its wealth, which last Mr. Lindsay had contrived to dissipate entirely long before he arrived at the age of six-and-twenty. Notwithstanding this fatal extravagance, which reduced him to comparative beggary, he succeeded in retaining the affections of a lady who had long been attached to him, and by marrying her, he once more became possessed of a clear estate of four hundred a-year, which, however, would go from him at her death.

This circumstance ought to have made Mr. Lindsay more careful and economical, especially as he had an increasing family to provide for; but such is the force of habit, that he often found it extremely difficult to answer the demands of his numerous creditors. His wife, doting on him to an excess, was blind to every failing that he possessed; for his sake, she was contented to live solely in the country, on the estate bequeathed to her by her maternal uncle,

uncle, and, as far as lay in her power, endeavoured to manage with prudence the affairs of his family; but Mrs. Lindsay, like her husband, had been educated in the school of prosperity, and, like him, was wholly ignorant of those means which would have enabled her to lay up something out of her yearly income for the future wants of her children.

Mr. Lindsay, independent of his besetting sin, was an affectionate husband, a tender father, a sincere and steady friend, and a good and indulgent master. His wife believed that the world did not contain his equal, his children felt that a kinder father could not exist, his friends knew him to be a man capable of sacrificing his own interests for their welfare, and his servants only prayed that they might be allowed to end their days under his hospitable roof; while the village in which he had chiefly resided since his marriage, experienced, in a hundred different

ways, the natural benevolence and humanity of his heart towards its humble inmates.

Out of six children, Mrs. Lindsay was only fortunate enough to rear one, on whom she lavished the most unbounded tenderness, and to whose faults she was equally blind as she was to those of her father. Her health, which was always delicate, suffered much from her constant devotion to the studies of her daughter, whom she resolved to educate herself, not being able to part with her out of her sight, and wishing to save the expence of having a governess for her at home. This constant application to the duties of her family considerably impaired the constitution of Mrs. Lindsay, and at length her walks were principally confined to the boundaries of her own grounds, which were extensive and well laid out, and which joined to those of a fine old family-seat, whose possessor, an old bachelor, had long suffered it to go to decay, out of spite

spite to him who would inherit it after his decease. Time and neglect had not impoverished the natural beauties of Manningham Hall, and when Mrs. Lindsay felt inclined to extend her walks beyond her own garden, she generally strolled into those belonging to the Hall.

Mr. Lindsay, on the contrary, felt little relish for the romantic scenery of his neighbour's grounds; he loved to visit the lively haunts of the village-children, and to inquire into their welfare and the various pursuits of their parents, some of whom he regularly called on as often as he passed by their door; and as he listened with smiling complacency to their different stories, his smile, and the interest he shewed for their happiness, never failed to cheer the drooping spirits of sickness, or warm the heart of age or of misfortune. Notwithstanding his habitual extravagance, Mr. Lindsay had always something to bestow on honest indigence, and his advice was uniformly accompanied by substantial

marks of his favour, wherever his assistance was found necessary.

Margaret Grey was his greatest favourite, and he never failed to make her cottage his chief resting-place. Independent of his regard for the worthy old woman, Mr. Lindsay had taken a fancy to Edward, which was strengthened by every succeeding interview, and he longed to introduce him to his wife and daughter, but something or other had always frustrated his intentions, and Edward still remained unknown to Mrs. Lindsay, except by name; she was, however, well acquainted with him from the description given by her husband, and thought him a wonderful boy of his years; but her ill health prevented her from going as far as Margaret's cottage, and her own daughter so completely filled up both her time and her mind, that she had scarcely expressed even a wish to behold the grandson of Margaret Grey.

Mr. Lindsay called one morning, as usual,

usual, at Margaret's cottage; he found her unwell and low-spirited. Edward was reading the Bible to her, while Patty Smith was employed at her needle; the rest of her scholars had just left her before Mr. Lindsay's entrance. By the desire of Margaret, Edward and Patty retired into another chamber, while she conversed with her kind friend on the subject which lay next her heart, and which actually contributed to affect both her health and spirits. The welfare of Edward required that she should part with him for a time, but she found herself unable to support the necessary separation, and therefore applied to Mr. Lindsay for his advice respecting her conduct, telling him all the while, that she was sure she could not live without her darling boy.

Mr. Lindsay with great kindness endeavoured to reason her out of this belief, reminding her of the absolute cruelty which it would be to debar him from the advantages of receiving a good education,

and of cultivating those talents which he possessed in a superior degree to other boys of his age.—" Indeed, my worthy friend," said he, " you must try to fortify your mind against this necessary evil; Edward is now wasting that time which ought to be employed in acquiring useful knowledge, and since his father wishes him to be sent to a good school, I know of none better than that of Mr. Curwen, which is only four miles from our village; there he will receive a liberal education, be treated kindly, and, if you wish it, he can come home every Saturday evening, and stay till Monday morning. I have some knowledge of Mr. Curwen, and, if you like, I will speak to him on the subject. Edward will be a credit to his seminary."

Poor old Margaret thanked Mr. Lindsay for his offer, and acknowledged that it was time that Edward should be taught all that he was capable of learning.—" But," added she, with a sigh, " I feel assured

assured that my life will be shortened by our separation; he is all and every thing to me; and when I no longer hear his voice, no longer see his darling face, my spirits will droop under the weight of my cares and my increasing infirmities."

"Not if I can help it," replied Mr. Lindsay, smiling benevolently on the sorrowful old woman. "You must give up your school, the fatigues of which are too much for you; Patty Smith will not leave you, for I am sensible that her father will be extremely glad to let you have her altogether; I will call on you every day, and on a Saturday evening your darling will return to you, full of his week's pursuits, and full of gratitude to you for the sacrifice you will have made of your own comforts for his future advantage."

Margaret wiped away her tears, then pressing the hand of Mr. Lindsay respectfully to her lips, she said—"Pardon, my dear sir, a foolish old woman, for the selfishness of her feelings. I will try to con-

quer my unwillingness to part with my heart's idol, try to live without him; but if you knew how much he loves me, how tenderly he watches all my movements, how anxiously he studies to gratify all my wishes, and to relieve me from all my cares and fatigues, you would then know, my dear sir, how great a sacrifice it will be for an old woman like me to give up the staff of her declining years. But God's will be done—I must submit. Edward is a boy far superior to any I have ever seen; he will make a bright man, though I shall not live to see him. Well, sir, if you will speak to Mr. Curwen, I will do my best to acquire fortitude to part with him, since it is for his good. Perhaps the change of scene and plenty of young companions, more worthy of him than the village youths, may help to bring back his vivacity, for he is sadly altered since his father went to America —he is not half so lively as he was before my son came to take leave of him."

"He

"He is a charming boy," replied Mr. Lindsay, "and is undoubtedly far above his companions. But he never appears to associate with any of the village children, except Patty Smith. I think, Mrs. Grey, that you keep him too much at home: youth is the season of enjoyment, and its amusements and recreations are absolutely necessary for his health and spirits."

"He does as he pleases," replied old Margaret; "I love him too dearly to force his inclinations. Sometimes I have wished him to leave his drawings and to go and play on the green, but he speaks and thinks so much above the other children, that I know he can find but little pleasure in their company. The other day he drew a little landscape from memory, and has coloured it quite like the life."

Margaret now opened her closet, and took from out of a large book the above-mentioned performance of Edward. It was a view in part of Manningham grounds,

and so like, that Mr. Lindsay instantly recognized the scene.—"Upon my word," said he, "this boy's talent must be cultivated. The perspective is uncommonly well executed, and the foliage of the trees is so well done, that I should doubt its being his performance did I not know you to be incapable of uttering a falsehood."

"It is all his own, I do assure you, sir," cried Margaret, "every bit of it. Patty and I walked with him last Sunday to the Hall, to drink tea with Mrs. Norton the housekeeper, and the next day Edward shewed me this drawing, just before he was going to bed. There is the old summer-house and the trees which hang over it, and there is the water at a distance, and the pleasure-boat and all, as natural as the life."

"With your permission," said Mr. Lindsay, "I will take with me this specimen of Edward's natural genius, and shew it to Mr. Curwen; it will give him a good idea of the boy's talent, and pave the way

to

to his favour, for he is a great encourager of merit. Edward must certainly learn drawing; a few years will shew, or I am much mistaken, that he is capable of supporting himself by his own abilities."

"God grant it!" replied Margaret fervently, "though I shall not live to see it. My dear son entreated that I would have him taught to draw, and I am to receive from his agent in London what will pay the expences of his schooling. God grant that he may be able to support himself handsomely! for he was never made for hard work, or any common employment."

Mr. Lindsay thought with old Margaret, that Edward was indeed not made for any common employment; he therefore became more and more anxious to have him placed under the tuition of Mr. Curwen, whom he knew to be both the scholar and the gentleman, and he consequently lost no time in calling at his house, and in shewing him the extraordinary proofs

of what he conceived to be the dawnings of a first-rate genius.

Mr. Curwen was a man of sense and of superior discernment; he saw in a moment the powers of Edward's mind, as well from circumstances related to him by Mr. Lindsay, as by the specimen he brought with him of his talent for drawing; he inquired minutely into every particular respecting the boy and his connexions, not from any pecuniary fears, but from a growing interest which he felt in his favour.—"Such a boy must not be lost for want of proper care," said this amiable man; "and though the humble rank of life in which his grandmother moves may cause many objections to be raised against my introducing him into my school, which is principally composed of the sons of gentlemen, yet I will run the risk, and, upon your recommendation, will consent to take the boy under my protection. He shall have all the advantages

tages of the different masters who attend my pupils, and I believe it is unnecessary for me to say that he shall experience the same treatment as the rest."

Mr. Lindsay assured him that Edward would not disgrace his patronage, or put to blush his more noble associates, "unless indeed," said he, "it is for thinking and behaving more like what they ought to be, than like what they are. Edward is by nature the gentleman; but you must come and see him, my dear sir, and then you can judge for yourself."

Mr. Curwen kindly promised to attend him that morning, if he would amuse himself in his library until after the hours of tuition, to which the considerate friend of Edward readily consented, not a little gratified at the willingness which Mr. Curwen expressed to promote the interest and welfare of Edward.

That gentleman was immediately struck by the appearance and manners of old Margaret's grandson; the instant he beheld him,

him, he felt assured that such a boy would not indeed disgrace his tutors, or shame the society of his pupils. He could but look at Edward and at the worthy Margaret, while he found it difficult to remember that such a child, so eminently gifted by nature with every personal attraction, every mental qualification, was no more than the offspring of old Margaret's daughter. In the gentlest voice he questioned Edward on various subjects connected with himself and his favourite pursuits, to all of which the boy replied with sense and intelligence blended with so becoming a modesty, that Mr. Curwen was perfectly delighted, and absolutely expressed an earnest desire to have him immediately under his care. This, however, required some little consideration on the part of Margaret Grey, who could not at that moment fix the day which was to separate her soul from her body; and Mr. Curwen, in kind compassion to her agitated feelings, forbore to press the subject until

until her mind had acquired fresh fortitude. Promising to call again in the course of a few days, he took a friendly leave of the poor old woman and her charming grandson, and with Mr. Lindsay left the cottage, with just such sentiments as that worthy man had foretold would be excited by the sight of Edward Mackenzie.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER from Mackenzie at last determined the doting Margaret to sacrifice her own peace and happiness to the welfare of his adopted son; but the consent of that son was necessary to be obtained before she could send him to Mr. Curwen's seminary, and she was obliged again to have recourse to the powerful reasonings of Mr. Lindsay to convince the boy that it was absolutely

absolutely necessary he should leave, for a time, his affectionate grandmother.

Mr. Lindsay found it necessary to exert all the eloquence of which he was master, to combat against the tender fears of Edward, fears which were increased by the bad state of Margaret's health and her known repugnance to lose him. Young as he was, he felt the full force of the obligations which he owed her, and when Mr. Lindsay endeavoured to convince him of the benefits which he would himself derive from being placed under the care of Mr. Curwen, the boy acknowledged that he was sensible of them, as well as of the kindness which Mr. Lindsay displayed towards him.—"I should like to go to Mr. Curwen's school, sir," said Edward—"like to go very much, if I could take my grandmother with me; but that is impossible; and as I know that she will be very miserable without me, I cannot, will not leave her. She took me when I was only four years old, and though I must have caused

her

her a great deal of trouble, and often vexed her by my perversity, yet she has never given me an angry look or an angry word. She loved me perhaps more dearly, because my mother could so easily part with me; she has been both father and mother to me, and how, sir, can I leave her now, now that she wants my assistance more and more every day? how can I leave her, just that I may benefit myself?"

Mr. Lindsay affectionately embraced the grateful boy.—"Such sentiments do honour to your heart, my dear Edward," said he. "Happy the father who possesses such a son as you are!—But, my dear boy, highly as I commend the gratitude which prompts you to remain with your aged parent, yet I must remind you, that, for her sake as well as for your own, you ought to cultivate all the talents you possess, in order that you may contribute to her support when she is past the power of contributing to it herself. By going to Mr. Curwen's now, you will be enabled to

to perfect yourself in an art which will more than provide for the wants of your kind grandmother. Think how delightful will be your feelings, if, in a few years, you can not only support her and yourself, but realize all the fond hopes of your father-in-law, who seems to love you equally as much as your grandmother, and who, in his last letter, expresses his anxiety to hear that you have already begun your studies. His hopes, Edward, must not be disappointed."

Edward burst into tears.—"I love my father Mackenzie," said he, "dearer than my existence; and, next to him, my poor old grandmother. Oh, sir, you are all goodness, all kindness yourself—you will advise me for the best. I must not disappoint the hopes of my beloved father, yet I must not desert my grandmother, now that she grows more and more infirm. How shall I act? what shall I do to perform my duty to them both?—I will go to-morrow to Mr. Curwen, if he will let me

me come back every evening to my grandmother."

Mr. Lindsay replied, that he knew that such a regulation would be contrary to the rules of his school, but that he would apply to him on the subject. This, however, was not requisite; for Margaret declared that she should be miserable if he had to walk four miles every evening in the winter, and that she had made up her mind to bear with his loss, if she could but see him regularly from Saturday to Monday. This Mr. Lindsay promised faithfully she should; and, after much persuasion and much entreaty, Edward at length agreed to become the weekly pupil of Mr. Curwen.

Mr. Lindsay conceived the conduct of Edward to be so highly praiseworthy, that he could not help repeating to his wife all that the boy had said to him; and as he warmly expatiated on the gratitude and affection of Edward towards his aged parent, he felt not a little surprised at the silence

silence of Mrs. Lindsay, who sighed frequently during his narration, and whose eyes glistened with tears as she encountered those of her husband.

"Are you unwell, my dear?" inquired Mr. Lindsay, as he tenderly felt her hurried pulse.

"Not more than usual," said Mrs. Lindsay; "but I confess that your description of young Edward's devotion to his grandmother has affected me strangely. He must be a glorious boy, and will be a treasure to his family. Ah, Lindsay, would to Heaven that our darling Clara were like him!—But I fear——"

"Fear nothing, my love, but hope that every thing is for the best. Clara has been educated in the lap of indulgence—she has never been disappointed in any of her wishes—she is a stranger to the power of parental authority; she is young and high-minded, and is now arrived at an age when the buoyant spirits of youth, like some intoxicating draught, mislead the senses and

betray

betray the heart. Clara is a spoiled child; but she may, nevertheless, make an amiable woman."

Again Mrs. Lindsay sighed, for now, when too late, she began to perceive that her system of over-indulgence had not only injured the temper, but vitiated the heart of her daughter, and, by making her selfish and self-willed, had closed it to all the softer and tenderer feelings. She repeated her desire to see Edward, and Mr. Lindsay promised to introduce him that evening to his wife and daughter.

Clara Lindsay was, in every sense of the word, a *spoiled* child. She had been so uniformly accustomed to have implicit obedience paid to her requests, that self was her sole idol, and her doting parents were only regarded by her in proportion as they administered to her pleasures. She was now in her thirteenth year, beautifully formed, tolerably accomplished, and with a set of features pleasingly regular; but they wanted the ineffable charm of mind

and

and heart to render them fascinating, and an observer of no very great discernment could easily discover that she was bad-tempered, selfish, and proud.

Clara felt a great curiosity to behold Edward, but this curiosity was not raised by the description of his virtues, but of his personal attractions; she longed to see him, because her father pronounced him to be the handsomest and best-behaved boy he had ever met with; and when at length this desire was gratified, and Edward was brought to spend the evening with them, she was in raptures with his beauty, as well as charmed by the extreme politeness of his manners, and his evident wish to court her favour. Even in this the gratitude of Edward's nature was displayed; he loved and respected Mr. Lindsay, and he therefore endeavoured to render himself pleasing to all his family, in which he succeeded beyond his expectations.

Mrs. Lindsay felt little less interest than her

her husband for Edward; she was equally surprised at the inherent gentility of his movements, the intelligence of his remarks, the elegance of his form, and the superiority which marked his whole conduct beyond that of the village children. —Clara, unaccustomed to conceal her thoughts, even when they were most wild and extravagant, now expressed her regrets that she had not known him before. What a delightful companion he would be for her! what a charming pupil! She would teach him all that she knew. Why could he not come and live with them, instead of going to school? Her father was capable of perfecting him in several languages: she could draw and paint a little herself, and she would teach him, as far as her knowledge extended, both in drawing and music.

"But, my sweet girl," cried her father, fondly kissing her cheek, "highly as I applaud this proof of your goodness of heart towards my young *protegé*, I greatly

ly fear that, notwithstanding all our endeavours to the contrary, he would not benefit much by our instructions; we should grow so fond of him, that we should forget the necessary hours of study; we should spoil him, Clara, as we have done yourself; and you, my love, would assist as much as any of us to make Edward careless and idle."

Clara was bent upon having Edward to live with her, and to become her companion, and it required more powerful reasoning than that made use of by her fond parents, to convince her that, in this instance, her desire could not be gratified. She burst into a passion of tears, and flinging herself on the sofa, sobbed aloud, from mingled vexation and anger. The doting mother vainly tried to pacify her child; she made use of every endearing argument to sooth her into a state of reason, but the spoiled girl continued her vehement lamentations, until Edward, terrified at so new a sight, yet grateful for her

avowed

avowed kindness, stole gently up to the side of the couch, and in the sweetest accents besought her to give over weeping. —" Dear, dear Miss Lindsay," said Edward, " I would not have come, had I thought that the sight of me would make you so unhappy. I would do anything in my power to oblige you, indeed I would, for I should be too happy to live with you and your dear good papa, if it were not for my poor old grandmother."

Clara hastily raised her head from the sofa—" How, Edward! and is it possible you should prefer living with an old ailing woman like your grandmother, who must often be cross and disagreeable to you, instead of being with us, who would study to make you happy? You should dress as well as myself, go with me everywhere, have money at command, and do just as you please. Would it not be more comfortable to live in this nice house, and have servants to wait on you, than to live

in your grandmother's cottage, and be obliged to do for yourself?"

Edward warmly expressed his thanks for her kind intentions, but modestly said, that never, while he had life, would he desert his poor old grandmother. She had been to him the tenderest of friends when he was a mere child, and if he was capable of leaving her in her old age, for any other purpose than that of studying a science which would enable him to support her when she was too old to gain her own living, he should never expect God to bless him in this world or in the next. It was for her sake more than his own that he had consented to go to school, but that he should take care to be with her early every Saturday evening.

"Then am I never to see you again?" cried Clara, weeping.

"Yes, dear Miss Lindsay," replied Edward, kissing her hand respectfully, "you shall see me every Sunday; my poor grandmother

grandmother will spare me for half an hour, that I may pay my respects to you and your dear parents, who have behaved so kindly to me."

Clara grew a little more reconciled to the first disappointment of her wishes; she wiped away her tears, and smiling graciously on her new favourite, led him into another apartment, which was hung round with beautiful pictures. Edward was transported; he became wild with joy, as he ran from frame to frame, greedily devouring with his eyes the specimens of the art which they contained. Such a sight was perfectly new to him; never before had he beheld anything half so beautiful, and he was at a loss which most to admire—the landscapes, the battle-pieces, or the resemblances of some of Mrs. Lindsay's family, who seemed starting from the canvas. Clara allowed him time to examine minutely each separate performance, and promised that, when he came to see her, he should try and copy from any of the

pictures which he liked best. She next allowed him to look over the contents of her portfolio, which exhibited several pleasing sketches of landscape-scenery well known to Edward, as being views from the finely-disposed grounds of Manningham Hall. She presented him with those which appeared most to have charmed his fancy, and also with a box of colours and pencils, and every requisite for drawing. This was indeed a valuable gift to our young artist, who was lavish of his thanks for so precious a donation. Clara smiled, and bade him not fail to call on her on Sunday.

If Edward was delighted by the sight of Mr. Lindsay's collection of pictures, his senses were spell-bound when Clara, touching the chords of her harp, accompanied it with her voice; tears of painful rapture gushed from his eyes, and a new and exquisite sensation pervaded his whole frame. He had occasionally heard the wandering musicians who strolled through the village,

lage, and who sometimes stopped at old Margaret's door, by her desire, to play a tune to her darling, whose fine ear and retentive memory enabled him to retain all that he heard; but never until now had young Edward listened to the delicate touch of a female hand directed in its movements by taste and skill, and he actually wept from the powerful effect which the harp and the voice of Clara had on his nerves.

Though not yet ten years old, Edward felt ashamed at his own weakness; the blush of anger tinged his cheeks, and he hastily concealed the tears which nature had called forth. Clara was not a little gratified at the evident power which she possessed over her youthful visitor; she sung and played nearly the whole stock of her knowledge, promising to afford him the same entertainment every time that he came to see her; in short, the mind of Edward was bewildered with enjoyments, and when he returned to his

expectant grandmother, he was at a loss which of his pleasures he should first describe, till, recollecting the flattering kindness which he had received from Mrs. Lindsay and Clara, he first paid to them the just acknowledgment of his gratitude, and then described to the attentive Patty and his grandmother the whole of his evening's amusements.

As the countenance of the boy became more and more animated from the joyous state of his feelings, the heart of his aged parent kindled with fresh warmth and new-born hope. In the family of Mr. Lindsay she already beheld a safe asylum for her darling, should it please Heaven to bereave him of her protecting love during the absence of his father, and as this hope gained strength in her mind, she gradually became more reconciled to their necessary separation. Patty Smith had got her father's leave to stay with her, and Edward would return to them on the Saturday evening; he would be acquiring that

that knowledge which was to provide for his future years; he would be kindly treated, and perhaps among his companions would make friends, who would assist his advancement in life. Thus did the worthy Margaret console herself for the temporary loss of her soul's dearest treasure, while Patty, the kind-hearted and affectionate Patty, wept in silence the absence of her young companion; yet, true to the promise which she had given him, she continued to redouble her assiduities to please and entertain old Margaret, and by every kind endeavour to make her less sensible of the loss she had sustained.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW scene was now open to Edward, and not an unpleasing one. Mr. Curwen behaved to him with peculiar kindness,

and this marked distinction, while it produced the envy of some, only gained him the friendship of others. The senior pupils were proud to extend their patronage to the *elève* of Mr. Curwen, whose sweetness of disposition and readiness to oblige made them inclined to overlook the disparity of his birth. Mr. Curwen had introduced Edward as the son of ensign Mackenzie, but it was quickly buzzed about that his grandmother was living in the village, and that she resided in one of the cottages belonging to master Walpole's father. This for a time produced an uneasy sensation in the school, some of the boys pretending to feel themselves disgraced by the introduction of one so much their inferior, and they in consequence resolved to unite together to have him expelled.

Master Walpole was at the head of the mutineers: his party at first was powerful, and threatened to carry the day. A letter was to be written to Mr. Curwen, and signed,

signed, as is usual on such occasions, as a round-robin. This, if not attended to, was to be followed up by a circular letter to their parents, desiring that they might be recalled home, as Mr. Curwen had chosen to give them for a companion the grandson of the village schoolmistress. Walpole was a boy of family and fortune; he had therefore great influence in the school, which he now exerted to the utmost, in order to obtain the expulsion of Edward, who, unconscious of the cabal thus formed against him, closely pursued his studies, behaving alike to all with obliging sweetness, unmixed with one particle of fawning servility.

The letter was delivered to Mr. Curwen by one of the junior pupils, just as the school had broken up. It was Saturday, and Edward, light of heart and free from all suspicion of the intended mischief, prepared to set out for the abode of his grandmother. His friends saw him depart, without informing him of what was passing in

the school, they being unwilling to damp the joy he now felt at being free to visit his dear-loved grandmother. Their spirits were depressed on seeing him leave them, for they feared that he would not be permitted to return to them; they however determined to espouse his cause to the last, whatever it might cost them.

One boy in particular, a youth about his own age, and youngest son to the gentleman who was next heir to the Manningham estate, followed Edward down to the garden-gate, and shaking him by the hand, said—"Good bye, Mackenzie—God bless you, my fine fellow! If you should not come back, I will find out where you live, and come and see you."

"I shall be with you early on Monday morning," replied Edward, as he returned the friendly pressure of Frederic; then darting out of the garden, he hurried forward, scarce allowing himself time to breathe, so great was his anxiety to reach the dwelling of his grandmother.

Mr.

Mr. Curwen was not surprised at what had happened; it was no more than he had anticipated, and he resolved first to make use of lenient measures to bring back his pupils to a sense of their duty. He looked again at the crowded signatures, and felt pleased to find that the names of Manningham, and of several others who were secretly in his favour, were not among those of Walpole's faction. He returned to the school-room, and summoning the boys to attend him, determined to appeal to all their nobler passions, to reason and to remonstrate, rather than to have recourse to harsh or violent measures.

Mr. Curwen was universally beloved by his pupils, who were accustomed to obey him with cheerful alacrity; they now approached him with heightened colours and downcast eyes, conscious that they had made a request which would not meet with his usual approbation.

Instead of the reproachful severity which

their fears had led them to expect, they were surprised to hear themselves addressed in the gentle voice of parental admonition; and at length emboldened by the unexpected lenity of Mr. Curwen, they ventured to lift their eyes to his countenance, which betrayed more of sorrow for their weakness than anger for its effects.

Mr. Curwen acknowledged the inferiority of Edward's birth, which he said was counterbalanced by the superiority of his intellectual endowments—"a superiority," added he, with a sigh, "which I had vainly imagined all my pupils to possess. I have been fatally deceived; I allowed myself to reckon upon that true nobility of soul which, casting aside the paltry considerations of birth and fortune, is ever ready to stand forth the generous advocate of merit and uncultivated genius, even were the object of it the son of a peasant. Edward Mackenzie, in point of mind, of manners, of abilities, is inferior to no boy in my school; his talents only require

require cultivation, to make him the superior of many who now proudly regard him with contempt, because some of his connexions are less indebted to fortune than their own. Had he been vulgar in his deportment, rude in his speech, quarrelsome or unprincipled, I should never have introduced him into your society; and if there is one among you who can bring forward any charge against him, except the humbleness of his ancestry, I am willing to wave all personal considerations in his favour, and yield to your request."

A dead silence now prevailed among the boys; even Walpole, who was most boisterous and forward in the affair, had not one accusation to make against the absent grandson of old Margaret.

Mr. Curwen, finding that no one was bold enough to speak, continued—" I cannot express to you," said he, looking round him as he spoke, " how severely I am pained by the contents of this letter, which proves how lightly you value my affection,

affection, how slightly you have attended to my lessons. Yet I feel some little pleasure in viewing the mode which has been adopted of signing it, since it is a convincing proof that he whom I suspect of being the principal in this ungenerous business, is at least ashamed of placing his name at the head of a list which was intended to expel an innocent and amiable boy from their society, whom, had they felt like me, they would proudly have stepped forward to encourage and support in his laudable endeavours of acquiring that knowledge which is to procure him his future maintenance. Gentlemen, I have taken this deserving boy under my protection, yet he is not indebted to my liberality for his education, which will be paid for as regularly as your own. I wish him to derive every advantage which my seminary may possess; I anticipate the pleasure I shall feel in witnessing the rapid development of a talent which bids fair to place him among our first-rate artists,

and

and which will enable him to move in that sphere of life which his person and his manners seem formed to adorn. When that day arrives, what will be your feelings of self-reproach, of self-condemnation, as you look back upon the transactions of this day—as you remember with bitterness of heart the ungenerous, illiberal, and narrow-minded sentiments which could lead you to dictate a request like this?"

Mr. Curwen paused, and looking attentively in the changeful features of his pupils, felt convinced that pride alone withheld them from acknowledging their error. Pitying therefore their embarrassment, he tore in half the letter which he held in his hand, and consigning it to the flames, said in an encouraging voice—"This, at least, my children, shall not appear against you. Should you relent from your present purpose, I promise you that not a reproach shall pass my lips; neither shall the object of your temporary dislike ever be made acquainted with what has passed; the first

boy

boy that dares to hint to him a word upon the subject shall instantly be dismissed the school. I shall now retire to my study; in an hour's time I shall expect to be made acquainted with your final determination."

Mr. Curwen now left his pupils to their own secret meditations, hoping that what he had said would have its due weight with them, and that they would be convinced of the ungenerous motives which had helped to mislead their judgments and silence their better feelings. Nor were his hopes vain ones: half an hour had scarcely elapsed before they were all unanimous in wishing to make amends for their fault; and Walpole, who had been the most refractory, was now deputed to be the bearer of the expression of their submissiveness and proper contrition to Mr. Curwen, whose gentleness of behaviour and well-timed appeal to their nobler feelings, had produced in the minds of all his pupils the effect which he had desired.

Mr. Curwen, who was anxiously pacing his

his study, no sooner heard the sound of approaching footsteps, than, eagerly opening his door, he held out his hand to Walpole, who immediately pressed it respectfully to his lips.

"I see," said Mr. Curwen, "that you come the messenger of peace: my beloved pupils have returned to their obedience, and to a sense of what they owe to themselves and me. Let the past be forgotten: they have realized my expectations, and I now am proud to acknowledge them. Monday shall be a whole holiday—it shall be a jubilee-day to us all; the anniversary of this joyful morning shall be celebrated yearly by my pupils, in remembrance of their noble acknowledgment of having acted with injustice towards a deserving object, who (and I will bind myself to answer for it) will never disgrace their friendship nor shame their patronage."

Thus terminated favourably an affair which might have been productive of the most mortifying consequences to Edward,

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as well as injurious to his future advancement in life. Had Mr. Curwen adopted any other mode of conduct towards his refractory pupils, it is probable that they would not have yielded so readily to his wishes; as it was, all were convinced, and ashamed of the part they had acted; and though Edward remained in ignorance for many years of the transaction which might have proved so fatal to his interest, he experienced ever after the good effects of Mr. Curwen's sensible and well-timed appeal to the generosity, proper pride, and benevolence of his pupils.

Edward meanwhile hastened back to the home which had sheltered him for nearly five years. As he had expected, his grandmother and Patty Smith were watching his arrival: in a moment he was round the neck of the former, who, clasping him fondly to her bosom, seemed for a while to forget all her bodily pains, as she viewed his darling face, and heard the tones of his dear-loved voice; while Patty kissed

kissed again and again his hands, as she rubbed them within her own to call back the animal warmth.

Edward could not speak enough of Mr. Curwen's kindness—he made no distinction between him and the wealthiest of his scholars, and Edward thought him one of the wisest and best of men; then again he had so much to tell concerning the dispositions and manners of his young companions, and their various plays; and when Patty Smith inquired if he had already made choice of a favourite, Edward's beautiful eyes sparkled as he replied that he had indeed made choice of one whom he should love all his life.—"Oh, grandmother," cried the boy, "how I longed to bring with me Frederic Manningham! From the very day that I first went to Mr. Curwen's, has he singled me out for his friend and companion. He is so warm-hearted, so lively, and so affectionate, that you would love him, grandmother, as much as you do me."

"No,

"No, my soul's treasure," said old Margaret, hugging him still closer, "I can never feel for another child the affection which I bear you; but I should love him, and I shall love him, if he is kind and good to you. I suppose he is the son of Mr. Manningham, who is the heir of sir Gregory Manningham, a spiteful old churl that he is, to let so fine an estate run to ruin, just because he and his nephew happened to differ in opinion about something or other in politics. The young man, it seems, was rather too independent in his principles to please sir Gregory, so the old gentleman said that he should never have a shilling of his money during his lifetime, and that Manningham Hall should all go to ruin, that it might cost him a fine penny to put it in order. The sooner such a good-for-nothing old carl dies, the better."

"I am glad," cried Edward joyfully, "that sir Gregory cannot take the property with him when he leaves this world; are not you, grandmother? My dear friend Frederic

Frederic will be the better for his death, and there is no sin in wishing a bad old man like sir Gregory under ground. Frederic has an elder brother about twelve years of age, who seems to be rather proud, for he has not noticed me more than twice, and then, I believe, it was because I was walking with Frederic. But you know, grandmother, I cannot expect to be loved by all the boys. Perhaps master Charles may think himself my superior; but I will try hard to become his in learning, before I have been at Mr. Curwen's twelve months."

Edward now shewed his grandmother and Patty a couple of drawings which he had done during his absence. One was for his kind old parent, the other for Miss Lindsay, and Patty was to have one the next time he returned home. This promise cheered the heart of the affectionate girl, as it proved that new scenes and new friends had not lessened the value of his old ones.

True

True to his word, Edward, after church-time was over, paid a visit to Miss Lindsay. Her parents welcomed him with pleasure, while their daughter endeavoured, by every art, to make his stay as delightful as possible. She received the drawing which he had brought for her with the most flattering encomiums, and gave him in return the works of Milton splendidly bound, which Mr. Lindsay had purchased at her request, as a present for Edward.

Notwithstanding the most pressing invitation from them all, Edward could not be prevailed on to extend his visit beyond an hour, as he had promised to return to his grandmother by that time; yet he failed not to express his sense of the kindness which prompted them to wish his stay. After passing his word to Clara that she should see him on the next Sunday, Edward was suffered to depart, though much against the inclination of Miss Lindsay, who thought it extremely singular in

Edward

Edward to prefer the society of an infirm old woman like Margaret Grey, to that of herself, who was so capable of enchanting his senses, and who was so willing to lavish on him every luxury which her own elegant home possessed. But the cottage of old Margaret contained a charm which the mansion of Mr. Lindsay wanted, for it sheltered his beloved grandmother, whose very infirmities of body only rendered her more dear to the soul of Edward. Her temper remained unaffected by the debility of her frame, and her countenance still preserved the same sweetness, the same benevolence, as when her health was stronger. Edward would not have exchanged the tender look, the fond caress, the fervent blessing of his grandmother, for all the valuables which the unbounded partiality of Clara might tempt her to bestow on him; yet Edward felt grateful for that partiality, and appreciated, perhaps too highly, the powers of birth and fortune. But the enthusiasm of his nature led him

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to devote himself to his grandmother, without whose presence he felt a void which no one else could fill up, unless it was his father Mackenzie. To fulfil his hopes, and to assist in supporting his grandmother, was now become the primary object of Edward's existence; he therefore paid the most serious attention to all his studies, frequently devoting part of his play-hours to that science which was to crown all his hopes and his toils with success, except when the earnest entreaties of Frederic Manningham prevailed on him to throw aside his pencil and partake of those exhilarating amusements which were congenial to them both.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD had been scarcely a year at Mr. Curwen's when the most alarming apprehensions were entertained by Mr. Lindsay for the life of Margaret Grey. This excellent old woman had visibly declined in her health ever since she had lost the charm of her grandson's presence, but she never acknowledged this to any one except to Patty, who appeared to be equally sensible of the void which the absence of Edward had occasioned. Margaret had been obliged for some months to give up her school, the profits of which she could ill afford to lose; but so generally was she esteemed by all her neighbours, that they vied with each other in sending her a variety of presents, which were extremely acceptable to one in her weak state of body.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay were particularly kind and attentive to the wants of old Margaret: the latter, since her knowledge of Edward, had frequently called at the cottage of his grandmother, sometimes accompanied by her daughter, but more generally by Mr. Lindsay, as Clara had conceived a dislike to poor Patty Smith, probably from a suspicion that it was this young girl, and not his grandmother, that made Edward so anxious to spend every hour of his leisure at the cottage.

At length poor old Margaret's high-backed chair was obliged to be carried into her bedroom, as her increasing weakness disabled her from coming down stairs as usual. Patty Smith was indefatigable in her attentions both day and night, only quitting her kind old schoolmistress when the affairs of the house called for her assistance; and Patty took a pride in keeping it as nice as when Margaret was down, for she was conscious that it would give her pleasure to know that nothing was neglected;

neglected; and when Patty had finished, she hastened to return to the sick chamber of old Margaret, scarcely allowing herself a moment's time to change her own clothes, lest her helpless friend should require her aid. If the humanity of Patty did not meet with its reward in this world, it is to be hoped that in the next it helped to lessen, in the eyes of a merciful Judge, those errors which, without the assistance of religion and example, are alike common to us all. Patty, with unexampled tenderness, devoted herself to the comforts of old Margaret, nor ever once complained of the confinement or the disagreeables of a sick-room.

Edward, when first apprized by Mr. Lindsay of the change in his grandmother, was so much shocked, that Mr. Curwen deemed it prudent to grant his request of immediately returning home to see her, adding also, that he might sleep there every night until she was better. The kindness of this permission was never

obliterated from the mind of Edward; long after the object of it had ceased to exist, he still continued to cherish a grateful remembrance of Mr. Curwen's considerate humanity.

With difficulty Edward repressed his feelings, as he beheld his tender and faithful parent confined to her chamber; he flew to her extended arms, for she was no longer capable of meeting him half way as usual, and hid his face in her bosom, that kind maternal bosom which only throbbed for his welfare.

By degrees Margaret brought him to listen to her own firm conviction that she should never again recover her former strength, or power of doing for herself. Of Patty's conduct she could not say enough—it was beyond all human praise; but Heaven would reward her for her goodness to a poor infirm old woman like herself, and Heaven would also bless the Lindsays for their kind attention to her comforts. Edward's heart swelled with

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the excess of gratitude; he flung his arms round Patty's neck, he kissed her glowing cheek, and blessed her for her affection to his beloved grandmother.

In proportion as the strength of Margaret Grey decreased, the Lindsays redoubled their kindness towards her grandson. Clara, forgetting her dislike to Patty Smith, called daily at the cottage, and though an enemy to all serious reflections, frequently sat and read by the bedside of the invalid, while Patty was busily engaged in the domestic concerns. Mrs. Lindsay also made an exertion to walk so far, that she might administer herself the nourishing things which she had ordered her cook to make; and, by her request, her own doctor attended on Margaret: but medical skill was useless—hers was a gradual decay of nature, which no art could check, no medicine prevent; but Margaret was perfectly resigned—she had led the life of a Christian, and was prepared to die the death of one; nay, she

would have prayed to have been released from her sufferings, had not her fondness for Edward, and her knowledge of what would be his affliction whenever that event took place, made her still cling to this world and all its vicissitudes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, with great generosity of mind, proposed to take charge of Edward in case of the demise of his grandmother, assuring the fond old woman that her darling should not want for anything which was requisite for his comfort and happiness, and that he should be treated in every respect like their own son. This kind assurance was alone sufficient to tranquillize the spirits of Margaret, who, relying on the tried friendliness of Mr. Lindsay, resigned herself with submission to the will of her Creator.

On the morning preceding that of her death, Margaret dictated to Mr. Lindsay a letter which she wished to be sent to ensign Mackenzie, and another to her daughter. When these were finished, she warmly

warmly expressed her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Lindsay, saying that as he had so nobly stepped forward to become the guardian and protector of her dearest Edward, it was but right that he should be made acquainted with all that concerned her soul's idol. She then informed him that Edward was not the son of ensign Mackenzie, but of a gentleman to whom her daughter had been secretly married, and who died previous to the birth of his son. She then gave into his possession a letter which she had found among Edward's clothes, and which she requested might be kept until he was a man; it was from the dean of H——, who acknowledged himself to be his godfather, and who appeared extremely well disposed to render the boy every kindness in his power.

"I know not my daughter's reason for declining this gentleman's good offices," said old Margaret, "but she has carefully kept from his knowledge, as well as my

own, the names of his father and godfather. Chance discovered to me the latter; but as she wished it to be concealed, I have never mentioned to Edward my having in my possession the means of satisfying his very natural curiosity. I have often been going to burn the letter, but something has always withheld me; and now I give it into your keeping, my dear sir, as it may one day or other be of service to my darling, when he grows up to be a man. I have endeavoured to do my duty by him, and I know that when I am gone, though he will meet with every kindness in your family, yet I shall not be forgotten by Edward Mackenzie.

Mr. Lindsay placed the letter in his pocketbook, assuring her that he would preserve the secret most carefully, unless that he foresaw, at a future time, that any benefit would accrue to Edward by his betraying it; and, even then, he should consult with his parents on the subject. He questioned Margaret with great delicacy

cacy on the probable motives of her daughter's singular conduct in concealing, even from her parent, the name of her son's father; but Margaret was as much at a loss to divine the cause as himself, only that she had always believed that the coronet which was marked on the arm of Edward had some reference to his family-connexions.

Poor old Margaret, ever considerate to the welfare of others, now humbly entreated of Mr. Lindsay that he would occasionally make the affectionate Patty the object of his care.—"When I am dead and gone," said she, "my kind Patty will return to the house of her father, which is ill suited to her years and habits of life; I understand that it is kept by a woman of dissolute manners, who manages entirely the concerns of Mr. Smith, and I have many, many fears on Patty's account. At present, she is good and innocent; but bad examples will corrupt, in time, the purest mind, and she is

just of an age when the prettiness of her person will attract attention. But God is good and gracious, and to his care I commend my poor Patty."

Mr. Lindsay consoled the worthy old woman by telling her that Patty should not be forgotten, and that, if her father would part with her, she should come and live under his roof, to attend on Miss Lindsay. Thus was the mind of the dying Margaret eased of a load respecting Patty, whom she loved sincerely, and whose interest she had firmly at heart, next to that of her darling grandson.

Fortunately for Margaret, she was unconscious of the dislike which Miss Lindsay had taken to the innocent Patty—a dislike which made her so strongly oppose her becoming an inmate under her father's house, that Mr. Lindsay was unwillingly compelled to relinquish his kind intentions, and content himself with bestowing on Patty, whenever he met her, his paternal advice, accompanied by every demonstration

stration of real concern for her welfare and happiness.

On the morning of Margaret's decease, Edward felt an unaccountable reluctance to leave her, and he therefore determined to remain from school that day, certain that when the reason was explained to Mr. Curwen, he would not be offended at his absence. By the advice of Patty, he however wrote a note to that gentleman, and then sat down by the bedside of his grandmother, who appeared much fainter than usual; yet, while life remained, she employed it in admonishing her young companions to avoid all the snares and temptations of the world, and in bestowing on them the last sad proofs of her affection. To Edward she had bequeathed all the trifles she possessed, except a few presents to Patty, in remembrance of her tenderness and humanity. Scarcely had she strength to direct the former to a place in her bureau, where she had stored up a sum more than sufficient to defray the

expences of her funeral and to procure mourning for them both, when Mrs. Lindsay entered the chamber. Margaret had already made known to her compassionate visitor the hoard and her own wishes; she now made an effort to place the money in the hands of Mrs. Lindsay, then motioning to Patty to draw near, she embraced and blessed her. Edward's arms assisted to support her; she pressed him to her heart; it had almost ceased to beat, yet it gave one more throb of tenderness as his lips touched hers, and then was still for ever.

The hands of Edward still convulsively grasped the lifeless body of his grandmother, when Mr. Lindsay arrived. With extreme difficulty he at length succeeded in raising him from the bed; but no entreaty, no persuasion could induce him to quit the cottage and retire to the house of Mr. Lindsay. Patty also begged that she might be suffered to remain, and perform the last sad offices for her beloved old friend;

friend; fearless of every thing but being separated from the inanimate form of Margaret, Patty determined to sit up and watch the corpse; and Mrs. Lindsay, pleased by the artless affection of the poor girl, kindly consented to her request, and at the same time sent for a respectable woman to bear her company while she performed her melancholy duties.

Edward would not leave the room which contained the mortal remains of her who had been his best and dearest friend ever since he had been separated from his adopted father; like a statue, he continued sitting in the chair in which Mr. Lindsay had placed him, wholly insensible either to the kindness of that gentleman or to the tears and caresses of the weeping Patty; Edward could not weep—his heart and brain were too full—a weight of lead seemed to press on both; he saw all that passed, yet knew it not; he heard what was said, yet it made no impression on his mind, and Mr. Lindsay began to feel seriously

ously alarmed for the effect of his apparent insensibility.

The day on which the funeral was to take place, Patty endeavoured to awaken him to a sense of what was passing: she took his hand and drew him towards the coffin.—"Dear master Edward," said she; "will you not take one look at your grandmother before the men come to screw on the lid?"

Edward gave a shudder of horror, and then bent forward. Patty tremblingly removed the lid; Edward started, burst into tears, and fell back on her bosom.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Patty, sobbing, "thank God, master Edward, that you can shed tears! they are the first I have seen since the death of your grandmother."

At the sound of her name, Edward once more bent forward; he touched with awe the cold, cold hand which had so often been raised to bestow on him some token of her love; again a shudder of horror seized him,

and

and Patty supported him in her arms, as he sobbed aloud in an agony of grief. At length he became a little more composed, and when Mr. Lindsay entered the chamber, he had sufficiently recovered himself to thank his friend for all his goodness towards him, when he was insensible to the trouble he had given him.

Mr. Lindsay encouraged his tears to flow again; he reverted to the wishes of her who now lay cold and inanimate before them, and persuaded him to return with him to the house which would in future become his home, at least until the return of his adopted father.

Edward listened to him with reverence and affection; his heart felt, for the first time, the cheering influence of hope, as the sound of Mackenzie's name struck on his ear.—"Dear sir," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, "I will study how I can deserve your kindness, I will obey you in everything, only let me follow my beloved

loved grandmother to the grave; it is the last, last proof of my duty and affection."

Mr. Lindsay reluctantly consented, because his kindness of heart would fain have spared Edward this painful trial of his firmness; he consented also, because he wanted himself the power of self-command necessary to deny the boy's request; and Edward therefore prepared to follow to the village church all that now remained of her who had doted on him to excess, and whose sole study had been to gratify every wish, every desire of his heart.

Edward followed, as chief mourner, the corpse of Margaret Grey, accompanied by Patty Smith and all the village neighbours, to whom the deceased had rendered herself dear by various acts of benevolent kindness. All her scholars attended at a respectful distance, demonstrating, by their half-suppressed sobs and tear-swoln eyes, the sincerity of their attachment. With a presence of mind far above his years,

Edward

Edward repressed his grief; he saw that Mr. Lindsay had stationed himself by the side of the curate, and he resolved, for his sake, and for the sake of poor Patty, who could not boast of much self-command, to subdue as much as possible his feelings in their presence.

At the conclusion of the awful ceremony, and when the quick-falling earth hid from his view the last sad receptacle of all human greatness, the fortitude of Edward began to yield to the fulness of his heart; he turned with unsteady feet as the mourners receded from the grave of his grandmother; a film overspread his sight, his knees trembled, and he sunk breathless into the arms of Mr. Lindsay, who conveyed him with all possible expedition to his house.

The tender attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, and of their daughter Clara, could not fail of their due effect on a heart formed like that of Edward Mackenzie: it seemed to be a positive duty in him to control

control his feelings, and to make an effort at least to restrain his sorrow, since, by giving way to it, he evidently inflicted pain on those who appeared to vie with each other to render him happy, and to make him resigned to his loss. Gratitude was a powerful incentive to exertion in the mind of Edward; the memory of his grandmother was not the less sacredly dear to him because he strove to appear tranquil in the presence of his kind protectors; they had now become, for a time at least, the guardians of his destiny; to them he was accountable for his actions; they had voluntarily afforded him a tender asylum, when death had bereaved him of one of his best friends; they evinced an anxiety for his welfare, and a watchful vigilance to beguile away his griefs, which called forth all the warmth and tenderness of his nature; his happiness, and his return to the cheerful avocations of life, seemed to be the chief motive of all their movements; how then could Edward disappoint

appoint their hopes, or frustrate their friendly attentions to his comforts? Gratitude and affection forbade it; and Edward, who was kept from school for some weeks after the death of his grandmother, lest he should find too many opportunities to indulge his sorrow, and who was humoured, petted, and caressed by all Mr. Lindsay's family, at length taught himself to moderate his affliction, and to submit with proper humility and proper resignation to the will of Heaven, who, in taking from him his fond and affectionate old grandmother, had raised him up a host of friends in the mansion which was now to become his home, all of whom appeared inclined to perform for him every good office, that they might soften down his grief, and lessen, by every kind indulgence, the severity of the loss which he had sustained.

The novelty of every thing around him, the elegance of the mansion, the parental tenderness of its owners, the studied kind-

ness

ness of Clara Lindsay, and their superior mode of living, joined to the respectful willingness with which the domestics waited on Edward, as being the favourite of their employers, and therefore of themselves, soon filled his young heart and active mind with new feelings and new ideas; he was no longer the inmate of a humble cottage, but of a spacious mansion, furnished by the hand of taste and fashion; music, poetry, and painting held forth inexhaustible sources of never-cloying amusement to the enthusiastic Edward; he could not long resist their united influence, nor withstand the persuasions of female loveliness, female grace. Clara Lindsay touched her harp with such siren melody, Clara Lindsay entered into his own favourite study with so much ardour, that the severity of Edward's feelings by degrees abated, the poignancy of his grief gave place to a tender melancholy, and the name of his dear-loved grandmother seldom escaped his lips, except to one ob-

ject

ject by whom her memory was sacredly revered, and to whom also he confided every thought, every wish that gratitude and a sense of obligation might lead him to conceal from the Lindsays; and this one object was his favourite companion and friend, Patty Smith.

CHAPTER XII.

The style in which Edward was now accustomed to live had long been congenial to his taste and consonant to his wishes; yet this change had no power over the natural kindliness of his heart, unless indeed that sometimes it seemed to expand to all around him, and he longed to bestow on others the infinitude of comforts he himself enjoyed.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay became as strongly attached to Edward as if they had

had known him from his birth; the interest they felt in his welfare could scarcely have been greater had he been their own son, while Edward felt equally disposed to manifest towards them every sentiment of filial love and grateful obedience. Saturday evening was looked forward to by all parties with joyful impatience; Edward, freed from the necessary restraint of a school, always rapturously hurried back to what was now his home, where he was welcomed by the respectful affection of the domestics, and caressed, and almost devoured by their employers, who scarcely appeared to know how to lavish on him sufficient proofs of their regard, or sufficient praise and encouragement, as they gazed with delight on every fresh specimen of his increasing talents.

Clara Lindsay, notwithstanding the many imperfections of her disposition and her love of *self*, was the warm admirer of Edward, and the proud predicter of his future fame. She loved him as much as

it

it was in her nature to love anything beyond what was necessary to the gratification of her pleasures; yet this very love might be termed selfish, since she took a pride in shewing him to everybody as her favourite, and in strolling with him far beyond the limits of her mother's walk, who frequently allowed her to leave her home with no other protection than that of Edward Mackenzie.

This was precisely what Clara had long wished for; she could now ramble at pleasure through the beautifully-diversified grounds of Manningham Hall, and point out to Edward fresh subjects for his pencil; or she could sit and listen to his harmonious voice, as he read to her the poems which she selected for him out of her favourite authors; or could teach him to sing to her some of her favourite melodies. In short, Edward was as much the pet of Clara Lindsay as of her parents; and as he so largely contributed to cheer the monotony of her life, and to create

for

for her fresh and more pleasing sources of amusement, Clara was equally as desirous that he should share with her all that her parents had to bestow, as those generous but thoughtless parents were to heap fresh favours on the grateful youth whom they had taken under their protection.

It was sufficient for Mrs. Lindsay to know that the Manninghams were the chosen companions of Edward, for them to receive an invitation to her house; they accordingly obtained the permission of Mr. Curwen to dine one Sunday at Mr. Lindsay's, and were so delighted with their reception, and with the beauty and assumed good-nature of the elegant Clara, that they could not help describing to their companions, on their return to school in the evening, all that they had seen and heard at the agreeable and hospitable home of young Mackenzie.

Perhaps to this visit may be ascribed the change which ever after took place in the manners of the elder Manningham—a change

change which gladdened the heart of Edward, because Charles had frequently testified a sense of that conscious superiority which birth and fortune had placed on his side, but which he now seemed inclined to forget; and as Charles was the elder brother of his beloved Frederic, Edward felt no disposition to remind him that such illiberal feelings had ever influenced his actions or prejudiced his mind; with sincere pleasure he accepted the proffered friendship of Charles, and the Manninghams were now become the frequent guests of the Lindsay family.

The juvenile enjoyments of Edward did not, however, erase from his memory the remembrance of *her* who had so kindly contributed to those of his younger days, neither did they cause him to forget the innocent Patty, who had shared with him the tenderness and care of his deceased grandmother. When the first burst of his grief was over, he felt an earnest desire to behold his affectionate companion, and in-

quired rather eagerly, if Patty had never called to inquire after him, since the death of their mutual friend?

"Called!" said Miss Lindsay, in an angry voice, "yes, the girl made herself quite troublesome with her calls, so I spoke to her myself. Really she seems to think that she is to be still as much your companion as when you lived at the cottage. I hope, Edward, that you will now consider yourself as far above such low society. The girl may be a very good girl in her way, but she is certainly not fit company for you; indeed I know that my father would not approve of your countenancing her visits here. Young girls, like Patty Smith, ought to be better employed than in running after handsome boys like yourself."

Edward coloured deeply; his was the generous blush of insulted friendship and offended gratitude, and never was the cause of innocence and artless tenderness more ably defended than it now was by

Edward

Edward Mackenzie. He concluded by saying, that, much as he should study to avoid giving offence to Mr. Lindsay or any part of his family, yet that he should consider himself the basest of mortals if he could ever forget the kindness of Patty's conduct towards his dear old grandmother, at a time when she was wholly unable to assist herself.

Miss Lindsay muttered to herself that he might please himself, as far as remembrance was concerned; but that she would not have Patty loitering about the house, and asking any servant she met with, how master Edward was? she should give fresh orders not to have her come there again.

Again the colour deepened on the handsome features of Edward, but he was silent, as he did not wish to increase the dislike of Clara towards Patty, who he felt pleased to find had not wilfully neglected him in the hours of his severe distress—he was silent, but he determined to see Patty, and to thank her for her friend-

ly inquiries after his health, and at the same time to advise her not to call again at the house of Mr. Lindsay, since it gave his daughter such manifest displeasure.

When Edward returned to school for the first time after the death of poor Margaret Grey, Mr. Lindsay had intended to walk with him to Mr. Curwen's, but something occurred which prevented this intention from being put in execution; he therefore wrote a letter to that gentleman, full of the warmest encomiums on Edward, whom he now again recommended to his protection and care, with all the anxiety of a parent who felt conscious that his son would become an ornament to his family and connexions. At the suggestions of Clara, a servant was ordered to attend Edward to school, and to fetch him home every Saturday evening.

"Perhaps, master Edward," said Oliver, as they were proceeding on their way, "you are not up to the tricks of my young lady?—It was all her doings that poor

poor Patty Smith was ordered not to call again at our house, and it's all her doings that I am ordered to see you safe back to school, and to fetch you home again. I am more obliged to her than she thinks, for it will give me some nice walks, besides that I love dearly to do anything for you, master Edward."

"Thank you, Oliver, most kindly," replied Edward, with winning sweetness; "and I am also much obliged to Miss Lindsay for her goodness, for I love to have you with me, Oliver; you are always so ready and so willing to do anything that I ask of you."

"Ay, that I am, master Edward," cried Oliver; "and I was both ready and willing to give poor Patty Smith a sight of you, when she called so often and asked so kindly after you, but that it would have been as much as my place was worth. Miss Clara has taken such a mortal aversion to poor Patty, that she hates the sight on her like poison, and we were all order-

ed not to let her see you, which was certainly a most brutal thing, seeing that the poor innocent girl must be just as dear to you, master Edward, as a sister. No offence, I hope."

"None, none, my kind Oliver," exclaimed Edward, shaking him heartily by the hand; "I do indeed love Patty as dearly as if she was my own sister. If Miss Lindsay knew how good she is, how tender-hearted, and how compassionate to all who are afflicted or diseased, she could not help loving her as much as I do."

Oliver whistled a bit of a tune, then asked pardon—"Oh, you do not know our Miss Clara, master Edward, as well as I do; she cannot abide poor Patty, because she thinks that you are more fond of the young girl than you are of herself; she would give the world to hinder you from seeing her. That's the reason, Lord love ye! that I am sent to see you to school, for fear that you should meet Patty by the way; and I was told not to let you stop

stop a moment to speak to her upon any account, and to tell her all that you said to each other. But may I lose the use of my tongue if ever I tell a tale against either of you! God bless you both!"

"How!" cried Edward angrily; then, checking himself, he said—"I have a great respect for Miss Lindsay, Oliver, and am under many obligations to her; but never, while I have breath, shall she or any other person prevent my speaking to Patty Smith."

They now approached the cottage which once belonged to Margaret Grey, and which was occupied by an industrious labourer and his family. Edward paused at the well-remembered gate, his eyes filled with tears, and, as if by sympathy, those of honest Oliver instantly became moist.—The porch over the door, once the favourite seat of himself and Patty Smith, was now green with the bursting foliage, and a variety of spring flowers blossomed in

the neat little front-garden of the cottage. Edward's heart was gladdened at beholding that it was kept in order, and that the house itself appeared clean and comfortable. The biggest boy, a child about seven years old, came out with a broom to sweep the walk; he stooped to pull up a weed which was near a tuft of early flowers, and breaking one of the flowers from the rest, he presented it to Edward, who accepted the gift with eager delight. They had been planted by his beloved grandmother, and were therefore held sacred by her darling.

Edward cleared his voice, and then inquired of the child if it was his office to keep the front-garden from weeds? Upon being answered in the affirmative, he gave him sixpence, telling him that he should receive the same sum from him every Saturday evening, if, on his return from school, he found the garden in the same good order, and the gravel-walk nicely swept.

swept.—"You must also," said Edward, "let me have at the same time one of your flowers."

The boy, overjoyed at the unexpected gift, made his best bow, promising to take double care of the garden, and to have in readiness a nice nosegay for his acceptance every Saturday evening. He then hurried into the cottage to shew his sixpence, and to boast of the generosity of Edward, who now turned his reluctant steps from the gate which he had so often opened, so often closed, with joyful exultation, while his whole soul was filled with gratitude and love for its dear and revered owner.

In crossing the green, Edward, to his inexpressible delight, beheld Patty Smith; she was slowly advancing, her eyes were cast on the ground, and she saw not the form of Edward until he was close beside her.

"Patty!" cried Edward, and his arms were instantly round her neck: it was the

first time they had met since the funeral of Margaret Grey; both burst into tears.

"Ah, master Edward," at length exclaimed Patty, "I thought you had quite forgotten me, and that I should never be suffered to speak to you any more, now that you are made a gentleman, and are become the favourite of Miss Clara."

"Then you thought wrong, Patty," replied Edward, kissing her affectionately. "If I could forget you, I should expect my beloved grandmother to rise out of her grave and reproach me for my ingratitude. No, Patty, dear Patty, I can never forget you—I shall always love you dearly for your kindness to my grandmother."

"That's right!" cried Oliver, in a thick voice; "that's as it should be, master Edward. Rot me, if I could ever forget anybody that was good to my poor old grandmother."

Patty, now for the first time made sensible

sible of the presence of Oliver, blushed at her own emotions; she however held out her hand to him, telling him that she should always remember with gratitude the feeling manner in which he had attended to her frequent inquiries after Edward—a manner so wholly unlike that of his young mistress, who had spoken to her with the greatest harshness, and who had rudely forbidden her ever coming again to the house.—"I am sure, sir," said Patty, "that I am quite ignorant in what I have offended Miss Clara; but I recollect, that when she used to come with her mamma to the cottage, she always looked at me so crossly, and spoke as haughtily as if I had been her slave; but, thank God! I am neither her slave nor her servant, and if it had not been for master Edward, I should never have gone near her house; but I could not live in the same village, and not inquire how he was."

"To be sure not," cried Oliver; "if you had, you would have been as unfeel-

ing as Miss Clara is, and she thinks of nobody but herself, except it is master Edward. Set me to watch him indeed! and to hinder him from speaking to a poor girl, that he must love like his own flesh and blood!—Let her watch him herself, for I shall never tell her, I promise her, if he was to meet you and speak to you every day in the year."

Patty coloured deeply.—"It would be hard, very hard, if I might not speak to master Edward," said Patty, nearly crying with vexation, "when we have known each other ever since he was four and I six years old. Besides, his grandmother loved me dearly, and used to be happy to see us fond of each other; and though I own and have always said there was a great difference between us, yet I shall love him and speak to him when I see him, unless he tells me not."

"And I will always love you in return, Patty, and always speak to you, though Miss Lindsay herself were near me," replied

plied Edward, grasping her hand. "But come no more, Patty, to Mr. Lindsay's; I do not wish you to be insulted by any person on my account. I respect Miss Lindsay, and I love her parents, but it is well for her that she is not a boy; I should soon see *then* what right she had to treat you with rudeness."

They now embraced each other affectionately, promising to have another interview on the Saturday evening; "though I must beg of you, dear master Edward," cried Patty earnestly, "not to take any notice of me should Miss Clara walk with you through the village; I should be miserable, if I thought that you would lose her friendship on my account. I shall know, master Edward, that you will not forget me, and I shall try to make myself as happy as I can; but," added she, with a deep sigh, "my home is not what I could wish it to be."

Edward, notwithstanding his high sense of obligation, persisted in noticing Patty Smith,

Smith, even when he was in company with the Lindsays, to the severe mortification of Clara, who frowned disdainfully on the humble companion of her favourite, never failing to make some illnatured remark on Patty and her disordered home, which, while it pained the grateful soul of Edward, only endeared to him the more the poor object of her spleen and malevolence.

The manly firmness of Edward, in thus openly continuing to notice Patty Smith, increased the hatred and indignation of Clara; she felt angry with herself for not being able to banish from her affections the young offender; but Edward kept his hold in her heart, though, in this one instance, he rebelled against her will; he was evidently the sole being in the world who ventured to thwart the desires of Miss Lindsay, and who, having thwarted them, still possessed her fondest preference.

A circumstance soon occurred which promised

promised to enliven the hitherto-monotonous life of Clara, and contribute likewise to the pleasures of her parents, whose sole acquaintance were confined to that of the curate and apothecary of the village, these being the only respectable families with whom they could associate within the distance of their own village: this circumstance was the sudden death of sir Gregory Manningham, whose whole fortune devolved to his nephew, now become sir Charles Manningham. The conduct of sir Gregory had totally precluded him from possessing the affection of his nephew's family, and they therefore heard of this event without any symptoms of distress, or any indications of any other mourning than what decency required them outwardly to observe. The friends of Edward were sent for in haste by their parents, and never was their summons more joyfully obeyed than it now was by their delighted sons.

"He is gone at last, my dear boy," cried

Charles

Charles exultingly, "and my father will now come in for every shilling of the old miser's fortune. We shall have famous doings at the Hall; my mother will soon make the old building wear a different aspect, and the girls may wander up and down the extensive grounds until they fancy themselves the goddesses of the fairy scenes which their romantic imaginations will create. The beautiful Clara Lindsay shall teach them all her enchanting songs, and the hospitality we have received from her parents shall now, thanks to old Gregory! be repaid to them with interest, as soon as we come down to the Hall."

"Yes," exclaimed Frederic, shaking Edward's hand with violence, "and Mackenzie shall be introduced to my father and mother, and to my sisters. But remember, Edward, that I have already bespoke your preference for Flora."

"That's unfair," cried Charles hastily; "let Mackenzie see the girls, and judge for himself: they are both handsome and agreeable,

agreeable, and there ought to be no preference."

"Remember," whispered Frederic to Mackenzie, as he followed Charles to the chaise, "remember Flora; I have fixed my heart upon her being your favourite; don't disappoint me."

Edward saw them vault into the chaise with emotions of pleasure little short of those they experienced themselves; had he been the declared heir of sir Gregory, he could not have felt more joy than he now did, on learning the good fortune of his friends, who were thus suddenly raised to the summit of their boyish hopes. The active mind of Edward followed them to the drawing-room of their home—to the embraces of their parents, the congratulations of their sisters; he tried to picture to himself the wildly-affectionate Flora, as he thought he saw her fling herself into the arms of Frederic, who kissed with lively joy the glowing cheek of his favourite sister; but Edward could not

please

please himself with the picture—it did not do justice to the description which Frederic had given him of Flora, and Edward, for the first time in his life, began to feel a restless impatience for an addition to the circle at Mr. Lindsay's, and this impatience was only to be allayed by the presence of Flora Manningham, whom Edward had already taught himself to believe was even more lovely and more amiable than Frederic, with all his affection, had described her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Lindsay was not less impatient for the arrival of the Manningham family than Edward; she wondered what could detain them in London, when their presence was so much required at the Hall, and when the increasing beauties of the season

season rendered the country doubly attractive. Her temper, naturally a bad one, was now become intolerable, and the whole household suffered more or less from its effects, except Edward, who still preserved his empire over her affections, if empire it might be called, where another reigned with equal sway. This rival to his throne was Charles Manningham, the eldest son and heir of the new-made baronet.

The Manninghams had long been celebrated for their fine persons, and the friends of Edward did not disgrace the proud boast of their family; they were both tall well-made youths, with handsome intelligent features—lively to an excess, though without the slightest vulgarity—highly conversible, well read, and well educated; in short, they were, with the exception of Edward, the cleverest boys in the school, and Mr. Curwen felt that they would do equal honour to his care and attention.

There was, however, a vast difference in the

the morals and principles of the brothers, and some little even in disposition. Frederic, the beloved friend, the second self of Edward, was frank, open, and winningly affable in his deportment; he was, like him, warm in his affections, firm in his friendships, the soul of candour, and an enemy to all species of pride, except that proper one which creates a laudable ambition, and exalts rather than debases human nature. Charles, on the contrary, possessed a large share of false dignity; he valued himself upon his ancestors, his connexions, his prospects in life, and last, though not least of all, upon his own person, which he expected would be his best friend when he made his entrance into the fashionable world: he was good-tempered, unless when contradicted or thwarted in any of his wishes; in that case, he became violent in his expressions of anger, and never forgave the offence, if the offender was his inferior, or what *he* considered to be his inferior in birth or fortune. Frederic was generous,

even

even to profuseness; Charles paused to inquire if his bounty would be well bestowed, unless in a case where his own gratification would ensue. Frederic advocated warmly the cause of the injured, and interested himself as much for the welfare of a beggar as he would have done for a peer; but Charles contented himself with listening to the tale of complaint as repeated by his brother, and in remarking that the poor should submit to the will of their superiors without murmuring. Charles was the favourite of his mother, Frederic of his father.

Clara Lindsay was, in the opinion of Charles Manningham, one of the finest girls in the world, his own sisters, of whom he was deservedly proud, not excepted. Clara's form was matchless; then she sung and played so divinely—had such a good taste for drawing—was so lively, so hospitable, and so desirous of making their visits agreeable, that Charles, though only now in his sixteenth year, was actually

what

what he called desperately in love with the beautiful Clara, who, on her part, had conceived for him an equally favourable opinion, and who longed to behold his favourite sister Constantia, whom he had assured her she would find a most charming companion.

Clara hoped and expected this assertion to be true; she had long wished for a friend of her own sex, to whom she could unbosom her imaginary vexations—one who would sympathize in the distresses of her own creating, and who, in return, would not fail to bestow a mutual confidence. Edward, it is true, was her chosen favourite, but Edward had too high a respect for her parents to listen patiently to the unjust complaints of their daughter; if they had erred in their conduct towards her, it was from over-indulgence, and the gratitude of *his* nature would not admit that to be a crime which sprung from an excess of parental tenderness.

Although attached to Miss Lindsay by feelings

feelings which reflected on his heart and mind the highest honour, Edward nevertheless preserved his own proper dignity of character; he never yielded to her in any improper wish, nor agreed in any opinion which was not strictly his own. Sometimes indeed he had gone so far as to differ from her upon subjects which she considered as important; and though this would have drawn down upon any other person her lasting dislike, yet she contented herself with uttering a few expressions of her displeasure, bestowing at the same time on him some of her terrific frowns, and wondering what that charm could be which bound her towards him in spite of all his perversity.

Many and frequent were the terrors of her amiable but ill-judging parents for the consequences of Edward's firm and independent spirit, when placed in competition with the whims, caprices, and unjust desires of their spoiled child. Had she taken a dislike to their *protegé*, their own

peace

peace would have demanded his dismissal; for Clara would not have slept, nor have suffered them to sleep in quiet, until she had obtained her request. Fortunately however for Edward, Miss Lindsay had no intention to punish him for his temerity beyond the frown of the moment; he was necessary to her happiness, and even when Charles Manningham divided with him her favour and her smiles, Clara would not have lost one hour of Edward's society, or permitted, could she have helped it, another to possess that regard which she wished to preserve exclusively to herself.

It was this selfish feeling which made Clara Lindsay the decided enemy of Patty Smith, whose very name was offensive to her ears, particularly when mentioned by Edward; but this occurred but seldom, for though he still persisted in noticing poor Patty as often as he met her, he forbore to speak of her before Miss Lindsay, as he was too well aware of her aversion. This was however only one among the

many

many sources of regret that, at a future period, chilled the bright sunshine of his youthful years.

The timidity of Patty made her shrink from the frowning scrutiny of Miss Lindsay; she felt that she was to be dreaded, and though she scarcely knew why, yet at the sight of her she hung her head, coloured, and looked abashed, as if she had indeed deserved the deep-rooted dislike of Clara. This painful confusion, this fear of encountering her gaze, made Patty avoid the sight of Edward whenever he was accompanied by her enemy; but this did not prevent her flying to meet Mr. Lindsay when he passed through the village alone, for he still continued to manifest towards her the same friendly sentiments as usual, and in fact regretted most sincerely that the innocent girl should have become displeasing to his daughter.

It has already been stated, that it was the intention of Mr. Lindsay to have taken Patty under his own roof, as he

felt more and more convinced that the house of her dissolute father was by no means a proper scene for her; but this kind intention was frustrated by the caprice of Miss Lindsay, and all that he could now do was to bestow on her his counsel and advice as often as he saw her. Patty listened with tearful humility, promising to be guided by his rules for her conduct; but Patty found this more difficult than she at first imagined, for the very air of her father's house had something in it infectious to a young and virtuous girl, warm in her feelings and credulous of all she heard, and whose actions were unrestrained by the voice of caution and experience.

Patty loved reading, but she had no one to direct her in the choice of her books, and she therefore selected for herself all those which pleased her by name, and which she procured once or twice a-week from the neighbouring town. The natural kindness of her disposition would have

have led her to treat with affection the woman who had the direction of her father's house, had this been possible; but Patty found, notwithstanding all her endeavours to the contrary, that she could never bring herself to regard this woman with any other sentiments than those of abhorrence. This painful feeling made the home of Patty at last become hateful to her; she passed the chief of her time either with her neighbours, in performing various little services for their children, or in reading, amid the seclusion of Manningham woods, the volumes from the circulating library, or in thinking of Edward and his grandmother, and in visiting her grave, which she every morning covered with fresh flowers from the garden of the cottage which old Margaret had once inhabited.

In this cottage Patty spent many an hour; she kindly undertook to teach the children to read and work, and while thus charitably employed, would sometimes

fancy that she beheld the revered spirit of Margaret stand before her, smiling on her with her accustomed benevolence, as if to encourage her in her present innocent amusement. Patty had likewise another motive for giving so much of her time to these poor people; she knew that Edward stopped there every Saturday evening for his nosegay, and that he would be unhappy if he saw the cottage neglected; she therefore assisted the mother of her little pupils in keeping it neat and clean, unknown to Edward, who failed not to notice the appearance of his grandmother's abode when they met, and to express his pleasure that it was inhabited by such careful tidy people as the industrious Wood and his hard-working wife.

Patty, as we have noticed before, was the keeper of all Edward's secret wishes—to her he made known his very thoughts, while she, with equal confidence and love, made him acquainted with the chief of hers. With her he continued to shed the tear

tear of grateful remembrance over the grave of his grandmother; it was here they now met as often as each had something to communicate which required more privacy than usual—it was here that Edward first listened to the sole complaints which Patty ever made of her father's blind partiality for the woman whose drunkenness and vulgarity made her home hateful.

Edward, though two years younger than Patty Smith, was by far her senior in sense, intelligence, and power of reasoning: he soothed, consoled, and comforted her by the assurances of his affection, and by promises made in the open innocency of youth, without any baneful feelings of selfish return, that she should live with him and be the mistress of his home as soon as he had one to offer her.

During one of these painful-pleasing visits, which generally took place before the Lindsays were up in the morning, Edward, who had listened indignantly to

a recital of a fresh insult offered to the delicacy of Patty by the improper conduct of her father's housekeeper, endeavoured to afford her a new consolation, by holding out a hope that lady Manningham would perhaps employ her about the persons of her daughters, and thus prevent her from continuing to live under the same roof with a woman who was too often a disgrace to her sex.

"No, dear master Edward," replied Patty, sighing bitterly, "Miss Lindsay will take care to prevent that; her hatred to me will be a bar to my being noticed by any one who is acquainted with her family; besides, I was told by Mrs. Norton, when I called the other day at the Hall, that lady Manningham is quite a woman of fashion—too proud to cast a thought upon her inferiors, or hardly to speak to them if they come in her way."

"I hope this is not true, Patty," said Edward; "we must not always believe what we hear. I suppose Mrs. Norton gained

gained her intelligence from the servants, who were sent down to get the Hall in readiness for her reception. I also heard that they brought a letter to the old steward, telling him that Mrs. Norton might continue in her present situation if she pleased, and all the domestics under her command might do the same if they liked, as lady Manningham did not intend to discharge any of the servants who belonged to the Hall, unless at their own request. This gave me a good opinion of her ladyship, Patty, and I hope Mrs. Norton will not suffer herself to be prejudiced against lady Manningham by any report of her town-servants, who may want to get some one else into her situation."

"I should never have thought of that," cried Patty innocently; "but they say that her ladyship is nearly related to the marquis of Anendale, whom she has not seen for several years, on account of a violent quarrel which she had with his wife

the

the marchioness, and that the two families have been enemies ever since."

"We have nothing to do, Patty, with the private affairs of anybody: I shall think well of lady Manningham until she compels me to do otherwise, and so ought you. But where have I heard before the name of Anendale? It seems familiar to me, Patty; perhaps you can assist my memory?"

"I believe that I can," replied Patty, "for that name always filled me with a sort of shuddering. The marchioness of Anendale was the lady that your mother lived with when she was a girl; that lady who, your dear old grandmother used to say, had an angel's form and a devil's heart. Oh, I have never forgotten the speech, though she never spoke of her but twice, and then to your mother and father."

Edward felt the warm blood rush into his cheeks: he was seated by the sod which

which covered the remains of one of the best of human beings, yet this very being was born and moved in the humbler walks of life. Angry with himself, he strove to check that pride within him which caused so often the blush to overspread his face at the mention of his own origin.—"True, Patty," said he, "I remember now that the marchioness of Anendale was the young lady with whom my mother lived." Again he coloured deeply. "Surely she must have had some good qualities to attach my mother so strongly to her. We have all our faults, Patty; she had hers and I have mine."

"You, master Edward! you! Why, what faults can you have, since I and your grandmother could never see them?"

Edward pressed the hand of Patty.—"You were blind to them, dear Patty, because you loved me; but I know that I have faults, great faults, Patty: I am proud, and cannot overlook an insult, if it

it were to come from a prince: and what right have I to be proud, when my mother was the attendant of lady Anendale, and my father——

"He was a gentleman bred and born," cried Patty hastily, "as every one can tell that looks on you, dear master Edward; and if your mother was a servant once, she was made a gentlewoman when he married her, and is a gentlewoman still."

Edward started from the ground.—"Come, Patty, let us walk; the hour of breakfast draws nigh, and I would not be missed on your account. If lady Manningham is proud, so am I: some excuse may be found for *her* fault, but none for *mine*. Speak well of her, Patty, until you hear what I think of her: a few days more will bring her and her family to the Hall."

Patty promised that she would not allow herself to be prejudiced against lady Manningham without just reason, and Edward,

ward, satisfied by this promise, now took an affectionate leave of her and ran all the way back to Mr. Lindsay's, lest Clara should be down before his return.

END OF VOL. I.

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